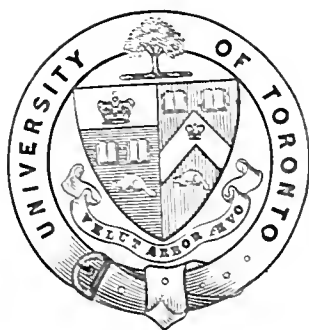
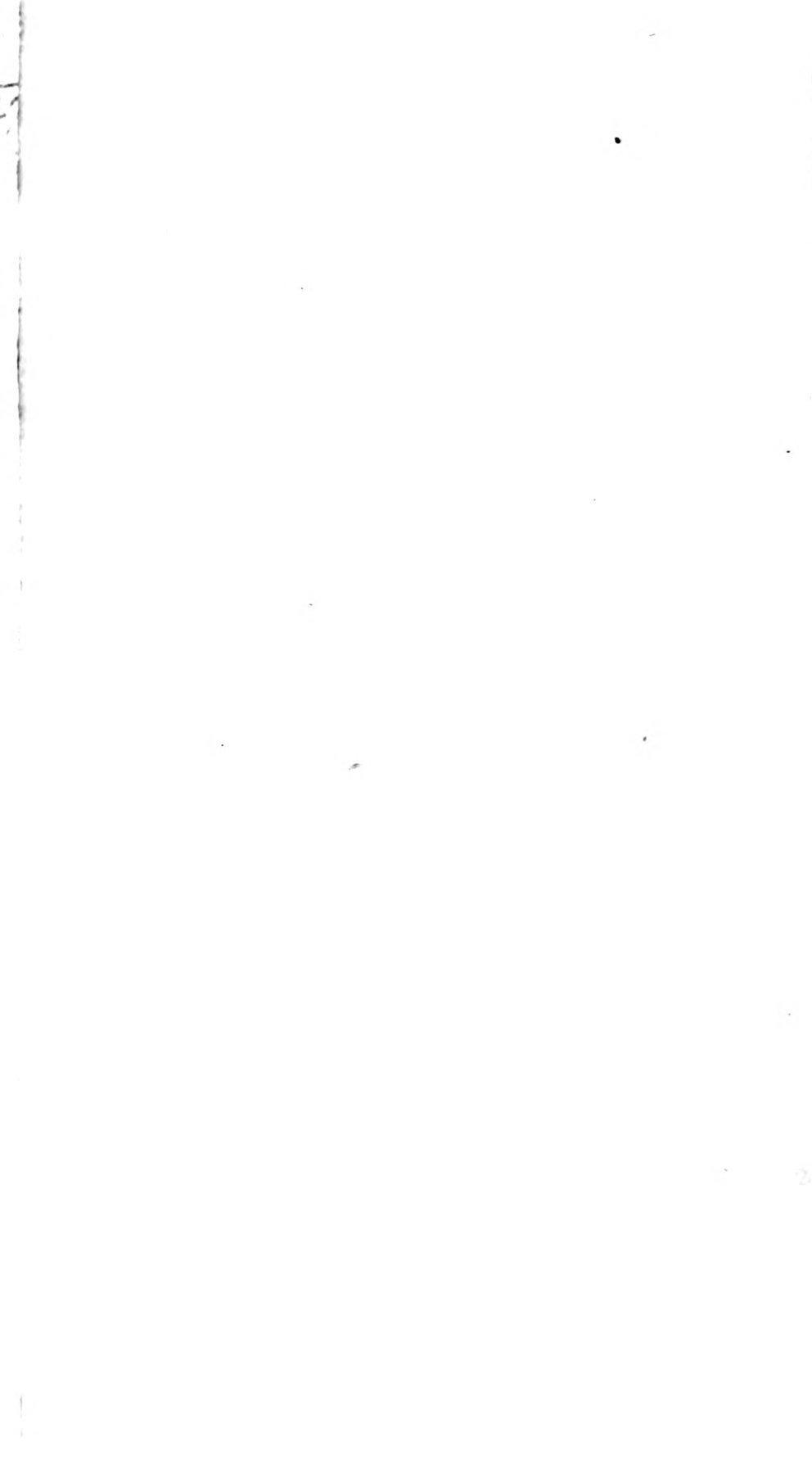


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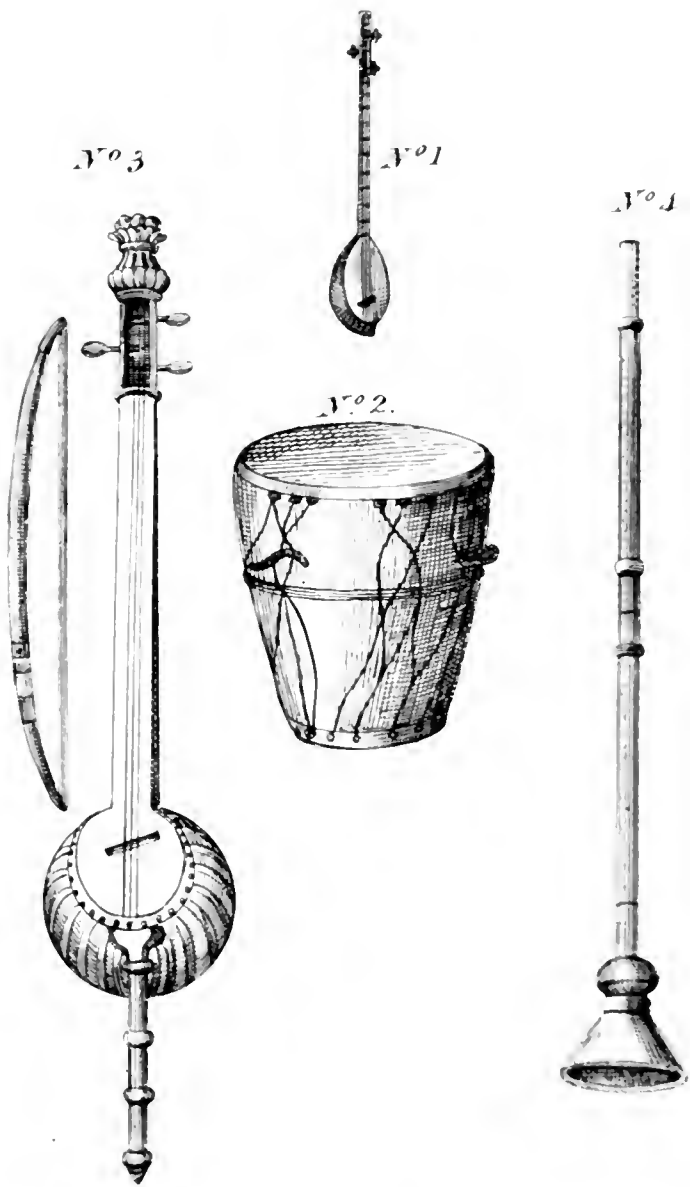


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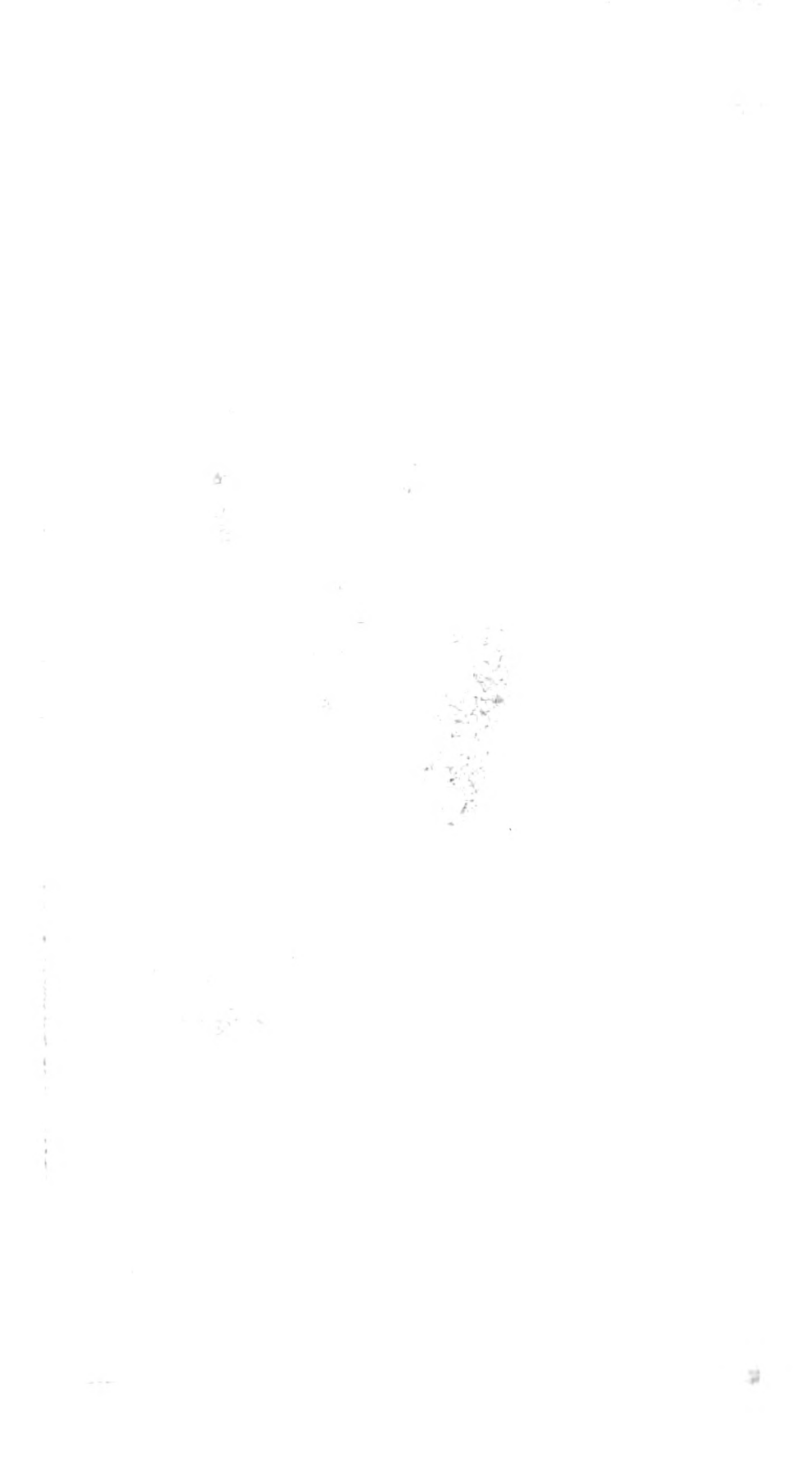
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1996
01



FLOWERS OF THE EAST,

X

WITH AN

INTRODUCTORY SKETCH

OF

Oriental Poetry and Music.



نخل بندم ولي نه در بوستان

“I weave a garland of artificial flowers,
Though not a professed florist.”

Suúdee.

51996
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LONDON:

HAMILTON, ADAMS, & Co.

MDCCCXXXIII.



P R E F A C E .

IN presenting to the public the following selections, originally designed for the circles of friendship, the author does not presume to direct the studies of the eastern scholar, nor invade the province of the veteran orientalist. His object is, simply to present to the European imagination a few latent beauties, which have either remained unculled, or have bloomed in obscurity. With what success this attempt may have been accomplished, is left to the decision of candid and enlightened criticism.

Yet, however trifling be the meed awarded by literary opinion, it is pleasing to reflect, that these humble "flowers" are still sweet in their own oriental bloom, though the bouquet may not be arranged with taste, nor the garland gracefully woven: nor can we fail to reflect with pleasure,

that ever since the era of the amiable and accomplished Sir W. Jones, oriental literature has been advancing its just claims to our attention, and its assiduous culture has met with corresponding, and in some instances, singular success. Of this, a long list of the ingenious and learned, who have distinguished themselves by their eminent skill in the literature and dialects of the east, would furnish abundant proof. Moreover, the liberality and fostering kindness of that noble institution, the "Royal Asiatic Society," and of the "Oriental Translation Fund," have still more extensively disseminated the varied treasures of eastern lore, and given a stimulus to the youthful aspirant for literary fame.

Of the "Pund Namuh," a work which has long enjoyed a deserved celebrity in the east, and which, from the excellent maxims it inculcates, is often used as a favorite text-book in the seminaries of the Orientals, there was an excellent version published about the year 1795, by that accomplished Persian scholar, Francis Gladwin, Esq. in his "Moonshce;" a work calculated for the student: still more recently, an elegant para-

phrase, with an Hindee translation of the original, was composed by that eminent Hindoostanee philologist, Dr. J. Gilchrist; which, however, is not adapted to the general reader, being confined to one of his valuable text-books. Besides these, the author is not acquainted with any other version of the original. In the following "Sketches of Poetry and Music," (designed as an elucidation of the subsequent poetry,) he has occasionally availed himself of the various valuable miscellanies edited by the learned Sir W. Ouseley, as also the dissertations of J. Richardson, Esq.

With regard to the arrangement of the subsequent lyrics, the idea was suggested by the "Nizam," or "Row of Pearls," which, as wandering poetic ideas, the eastern bard represents himself as stringing.

These scattered pearls, then, are selected from the "Deevan," or "collection," of various poets; and thus an attempt is made, to range them on the string of humble composition.

It is hoped that the following notices of Eastern poetry and music will supply a desideratum in general literature, and be acceptable to those who

may not have had leisure to peruse the erudite, but perhaps too extensive disquisitions of many excellent writers; most of whom by neglecting their vernacular language, and adopting the Latin tongue, have unfortunately thrown an impediment in the way of that interest, which must naturally arise from so pleasing a subject. Amid the multifarious literature and science of an enlightened age, it may seem a matter of astonishment, that a topic of such importance and interest, should have failed to engage the attention of a more able and attractive pen than that of the Author;—still, should the following compositions conduce to a taste for Eastern poetry and literature, the Author would consider himself as amply rewarded for any labour he may have bestowed in the attempt. With regard to the last of the detached pieces in this work, it was composed expressly to demonstrate the closeness of the affinity still uniting the east and west, and pointing to the early colonization of this country by the Saxons.

In concluding, the author would beg the indulgence of the Oriental scholar, who must be sensible that it is not easy to condense the diffuse

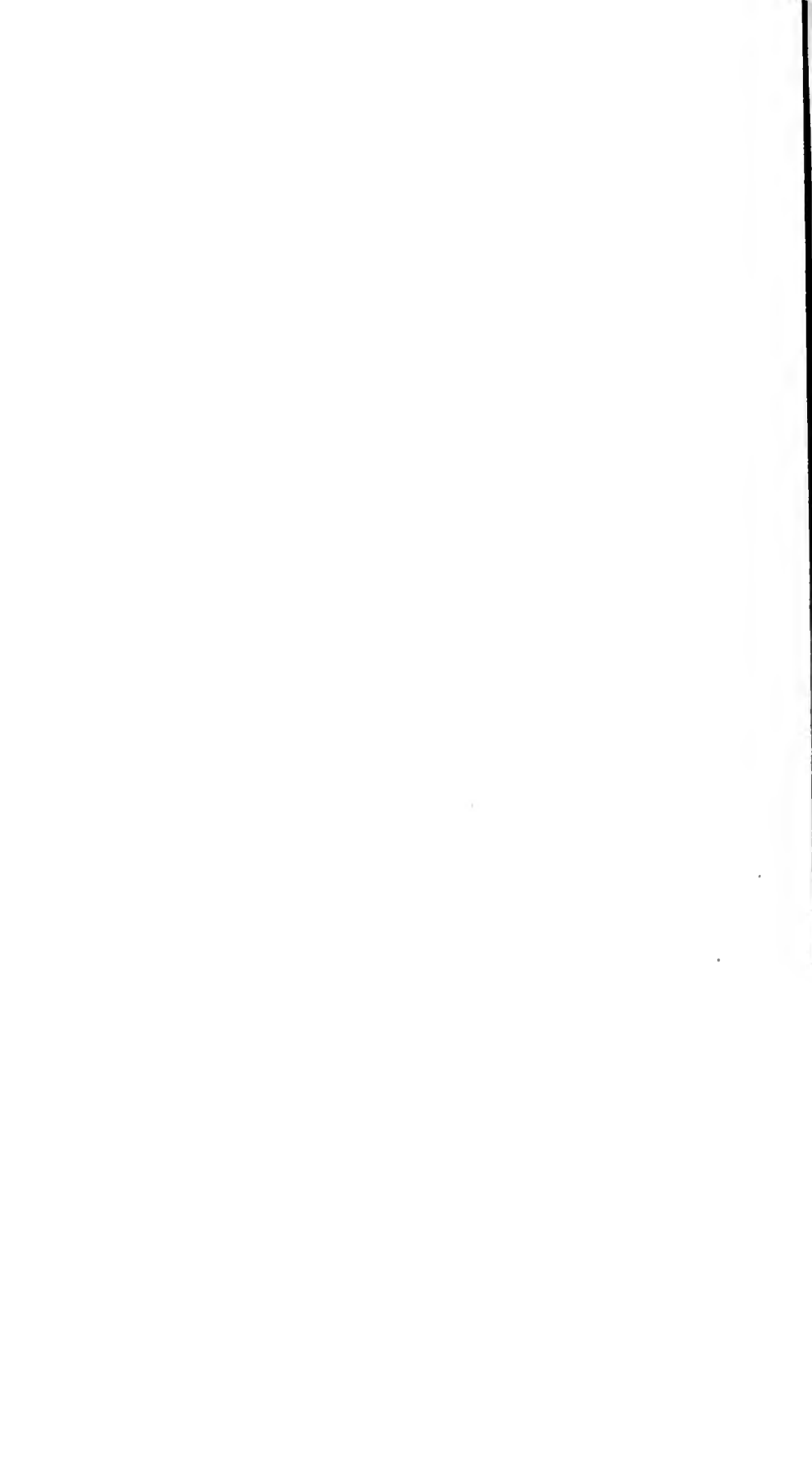
and redundant style of the Persian muse; nor vest a translation, however faithful, with the nice distinction of shade, and graceful ease of the original; but should the public foster with its indulgent smiles, these humble “flowers,” it would incite to farther assiduity in the culture of oriental anthology.

Finally, the author would conclude by begging his readers, in the words of an Eastern tutor,

درجا که سهوی و خطای واقع شود بذیل کرم بیوشند و
قلم اصلاح بر آن جاری دارند

That, “wherever there may occur an omission or error, they would cover it with the mantle of generosity, and hold the pen of correction flowing over it.”

PROSPECT-PLACE,
June, 1833.



SKETCH OF THE POETRY

AND

MUSIC OF THE EAST.

AT a period when Europe was sunk in the grossest barbarism, or when knowledge was confined to the monastic cell, the courts of the Mahomedan princes of civilized Asia, were the asylums of universal literature;—merit ever earned its sure and splendid meed;—history, astronomy, and music were successfully cultivated; whilst poesy, borne aloft by the eagle flight of emulation, or by the fostering wing of royal magnificence, reached an elevation rarely attained by the classic empires of Greece and Rome. Endowed as was the Persic genius, with a language at once soft, harmonious, and highly expressive, we cannot be surprised at its inclination towards the more refined arts and elegancies of life. In point of simplicity, it is not, perhaps, equalled by any dialect whatever; and from the most ancient specimens of the Duri, or pure Persic, we may form some idea of its harmony and sweetness

ere it became mingled with a race of Arabic vocables. Inclined, moreover, as is the native of such a country, to quiet, luxury, and retirement, we may easily imagine that so elegant an accessory to the arts of life, as that of poetry, would be hailed with enthusiasm, and cherished with proportionate fondness. Accordingly, we find that after the terrible confusion of the Arabian conquests had subsided, the fire of poetic romance, charmingly blended with history, burst forth with a splendour emulating the most brilliant æra of Grecian literature. It will probably be conceded, that the genius of a people must be powerfully influenced by climate:—that its beauties and productions, (whence the native bard draws largely for poetic imagery) will agreeably influence by their charms, or ennoble by their grandeur. This position is maintained, by comparing the compositions of two neighbouring countries; those of Arabia and Persia: the genius of the one, lofty, impetuous, and daring; that of the other, soft, voluptuous, and graceful: the wild desert, outstretched in boundless grandeur, and its warrior life, inspiring the former; while the rich and luxurious vintage—the thousand glowing charms of fruit and flower, and the varied fulness of smiling nature, breathe the latter.

But it is not so much our intention to discuss the physical causes of such variety, as simply to

portray the delightful art itself, as cultivated in the east, and particularly in Persia. The most ancient specimen of the poetry of Eeran,¹ which we have, is the "Shah Namuh," or "Book of Kings," by Firdousee; an epic poem of more than 60,000 couplets; which, in fertility of invention, originality, and grandeur of idea, may contest the palm with Homer himself; and, indeed, the noble author is universally styled the Homer of Persia.* His diction is every where lofty and magnificent, abounding at once in nervousness and harmony, and by his sparing use of Arabic words, infusing a sweetness and grace almost unexampled.

This noble work, replete with history and romance, and invested with a charming wildness of imagery, captivates as much by novelty of scenery, as by beauty of description. It comprises all the ancient traditions and romances of the Persian kings and warriors, from the time of Kaiumeras,² the first monarch of Eeran, to the destruction of that empire under Yuzdugurd,³ in the middle of the seventh century of the christian æra; when the ancient laws and religion of the country were interdicted, and finally abolished by the Moslem conquerors. It is said to have been compiled from an ancient chronicle in the Puhlvi

* A translation of this work, by J. Atkinson, Esq. recently gained the gold prize medal of the "Oriental Translation Fund."

dialect. Firdousee died A. D. 1020. Since that period, the literati of Persia, (perhaps from affecting erudition,) have gradually introduced a vast number of Arabic words, which, though amazingly enriching the language, has considerably impaired its harmony and sweetness. Indeed, such were its charms, in a state of purity, that Mahomet himself declared that the faithful would speak this dialect in heaven.

It is highly probable, that from the great poem above noticed, the after-poesy and literature of that nation became so highly tinged with the wild shades of romance, strangely blended with the mystic forms of fictitious beauty. Thus, through the medium of the noblest efforts of the Greek and Roman muse, the incredible tales of a heathen mythology, became systematized, and exalted into a religious code. Hence, from this eastern source, the peri,⁴ پری or Fairy of the English; probably introduced into this country by the warlike pilgrims of the crusade; hence the "jin,"⁵ or Genius of the Romans; as also the dèw, دیو or Deus. Next to Firdousee, in the epic style, stands forward Nizami, who flourished in the twelfth century. His "Secunder Namuh," or historic romaunt of Alexander the Great, is a noble effort of a refined and lofty imagination, abounding in sublime and philosophic reflections. He is said to have compiled

this work from the most approved records of the ancient Jews, Persians, and Greeks. In the moral and sententious style, our author, Suúdee stands pre-eminent. In the Anacreontic, Hafiz bears the palm from all his competitors. In the varied beauties of the lyric and elegiac styles, is included a long list of illustrious names; as Jamee, Oorfi, Anvari, Khacani, Jellal ad deen Roomi, Asfee, Saib, Helali, Kaseem, Shefali, Senai, and many others of deserved celebrity. The Persians have a great variety in the style of their shorter compositions; the principal of which are, the Ghuzúl, or, strictly speaking, the true lyric, (being very generally sung to the accompaniment of the lyre;) and the Quseeduh, or idyllium. Indeed, so highly cultivated is this delightful art amongst the bards of Eeran, that they have even a poetic nomenclature, expressive of the nicest shades of distinction. Thus the “dua ta beed,” (“as long as it endures may you exist,”) is appropriated to the conclusion of the encomiastic quseeduh. There is also a suitable and separate name for that species of poem descriptive of the feelings when influenced by love. It is styled Tushbeeb, from the Arabic shub, youth; and signifies, a description of youth and beauty. The ghuzúl, technically considered, is composed of several distichs of one measure. The first couplet is a pair of

rhyiming hemistichs, styled Moothu. This species, though formerly of considerable length, is now allowed to contain only twelve distichs. Under this head may be ranked, compositions expressive of the grief of unhappy love; encomiums on love and friendship; the beauty of a beloved object; the anacreontic; and not unfrequently the mystic tenets of the Soofee;⁶ and, as the subject may demand, is addressed either to a friend, or to some fair lady; in the last couplet, the poet generally introduces his own name.

This composition is usually accompanied by the "chung," a species of harp; or more usually, the burboot, *بربط* the Barbiton of the Greeks and Latins. In many of these productions, especially the anacreontic strains of Hafiz, considerable irregularity and unconnectedness prevail; so that not unfrequently, any distich might be omitted, without injury to the sense of the whole; each being complete in itself. Indeed, to Hafiz, as to Pindar, might be applied the sentiment of Boileau:

"Son style impetueux souvent marche au hasard."

Again, the poet, perchance, in a moment of inspiration, from the luscious vintage of the east, may seize the lyre, and improvise those ideas only, which are most prominent; omitting the finer connecting links, as being equally comprehended, though not orally expressed. Hence,

probably, arises much of the irregularity of Hafiz. Strains so wildly sweet as his, not unfrequently lend the charms of their melody to the rich and gorgeous banquet of the eastern prince or noble, which is often celebrated on the margin of some limpid rivulet. Here the graceful Saqee, *صاقي* or cup-bearer, hands round the glowing goblet, whilst the rich melody of the boobool, *بلبل* or nightingale, from the rose-bower, swells the universal harmony. "Attar's description," says Sir W. Ouseley, "of this magnificent banquet, gives a very pleasing, and, indeed, brilliant idea of Asiatic luxury. The painted representations of feasts, which are to be found in some manuscripts, agree with the poetic description. These feasts are sometimes supposed to be celebrated during the hours of nocturnal coolness; and the scenery is laid on the flowery bank of a clear and refreshing stream: perfumes are scattered all around.

"Zi yuksoo mahrooyan istaduh.

Zi yuksoo mooshkbooyan istaduh."

"Lovely nymphs, with faces bright as the moon, and ringlets fragrant as musk, appear on every side."

But to return from this digression, to our more immediate subject: the "quseeduh," is most commonly expressive of encomium, satire, or morality; and bears a close affinity to the ghuzúl,

excepting that it must consist of more than twelve couplets, the first two or three of which are rhyming distichs. The shorter divisions of poetry, are the roobace, or Tetrastic, consisting of two distichs, often rhyming; as the following, from the Goolistan.

“Dance kih chee gooft Zal bu Roostum goord
Dooshmun nutuwan huqeer, oo becharuh shoomoord
Dcedum busee ab, zi suri chushmuh khoord,
Choon beshtur amud shootur oo bar bu boord.”

“Do you know what Zal said to the hero Roostum?
Esteem not your enemy as weak and contemptible.
I have seen many a stream issue from a fountain-head,
Which when increased (in its course) carried away
camel and burden.”

The Byt, is a couplet, which may rhyme or not, at the option of the poet, and sometimes consists of pure Arabic. The excellent work just quoted, abounds in this species of composition.

“Qurar dur qufi azadgan nugirud mal,
Nu subr dur dili uashuq, nu ab dur ghibal.”

“Wealth remains not quietly in the hand of the liberal.
Nor patience in the heart of a lover, nor water in a sieve.”

The Musnuvee, consists of a series of rhymes, and is elegantly styled by the Persians, moozduwuj, or “wedded,” as,

“Yukera zisht-khoe dad dooshnam
Tuhmil kurd, o gooft ai nek furjam,

Butur zanut kih khahe gooftun anee
 Kih danum ybi mun, choon mun nu danee."

"A certain person of bad disposition abused (another)
 He endured it patiently and said, oh, hopeful youth,
 I am worse than you can say I am ;
 Since I know my own faults, when you do not know them."

These form but a very small portion of an extensive series of distinct and beautiful composition. It may be naturally supposed, that on a theme so universal as that of love, whose power is equally extended over the savage of the desert and the civilized lord of creation, the lively fancy, and the glowing imagery of the East, would be poured forth in profusion. Accordingly, we find this an exhaustless subject; though it must be conceded that in eastern climes, love seems to be allowed an entrance only through the gate of beauty. From the cypress, the tulip, the rose, the narcissus, and all the most lovely objects of nature, the poet soars to the most brilliant and sublime: the sun, the moon, and stars, scarcely tame down the spirit of his lofty aspirations; thus Jamee exclaims,
 "Buurzi too zi mah tumam choon gooeem."

"How can we speak of the full moon, in comparison
 of thy glowing cheek."

In another sonnet he observes :

"Ya rub een khoorsheedi tabistan ya mah tuman."

"Heavens! this is either the glorious sun or the full moon."

And Suídee exclaims in one of his ghuzúls, on seeing his beloved pass by,—

“ Anguh uz junuti firdous yuke meeayud,”

Ukhturee meegoozarud, ya mulukee meayud.”

“ Either some one from the garden of paradise is passing by,

Or it is a star, or it must be an angel.”

Each personal charm too, has its corresponding and exalted simile:—thus, the eyes are “nurgus,” or narcissuses; the ringlets are “soombool,” or hyacinths;” so the Anacreon of Persia.

“ Hum jan budan doo nurgise jadoo sipoorduh eem,

Hum dil budan doo soombool nihaduh eem.”

“ We also have given up our soul to those two enchanting narcissuses,

We also have placed our heart on those two dark hyacinths.

Jamee styles the eye of his beloved, “aenuh dilha,” “The mirror of hearts.”⁷ The eyebrows are bows, (kuman;) and the glances, arrows (teer;) so Hafiz.”

“ Pywastuh kumani ubrooanut

Uz ghumzuh humeezunund teerum.”

“ Thine eyebrows bent like the bow,

Are continually darting the arrows of fond glances.”

The mouth is “a casket of pearls,” and Jamee in the exalted imagery of the east, styles it, “suri chushm i abi haiyut,” “the fountain of the water

of life." The ringlet is sometimes "twisted spike-nard," sometimes a snare entangling the heart. Thus an elegant poet, exclaims,

"Moe too hulqu hulqu, oo hur hulqu zi o tunab."

"Thy hair hangs in a profusion of ringlets, and every ringlet is a cord" (to bind thine admirers)

This is still farther gracefully exemplified by another poet, who enquires of the fond object of his affections, "Why is my heart held captive under the circle of your ringlets?"

"Juwab dad, kih deewanuh shood dili too zi ushuq,
Buruh nuyarud deewanuhra mugur zunjeer."

"She replied, because your heart is distracted with love,
And the madman is not suffered to appear abroad
without a chain.

Again, the lady is the bright light, round which the unhappy lover, the moth, flutters to its own destruction. So Hafiz :

"Rooe binma, oo mura goo kih dil uz jan burgeer,
Pesh shumui atish purwanuh bu jan goo dur geer."

"Show me thy face, and then desire me not to yield
up my heart!
As well place the flaming candle before the moth,
and bid him save his life."

It is not unusual, also, for the poet to laud himself at the close of his composition; nor is it thought at all unbecoming, whatever may be our

European ideas of propriety ; thus the celebrated Jamee, at the conclusion of a Ghuzúl :

“Tootee shireen zohan ya qumri baghi junan,
 Boolbool bee khansuman ya Jamee shydast een.”

“A sweet-tongued parrot, or a dove of the garden of
 Paradise,
 Or a wandering nightingale, is Jamee.”

In the romantic ideas of the Persian, life itself is worthless without love. Indeed, it is remarkable, that in that language, the term “jan,” signifies both life and the fond object beloved. One exclaims—

“Tareektur uz rozi furaqi too shube neest.”

“No night is darker than the day of thine absence.”

And Suúdee speaking of the constancy of affection, which ought to characterise a true lover, says,—

“Gur nushayud bu dost ruh boordun,
 Shurte yareest dur tulb moordun.”

“If you cannot obtain access to the object of your love.
 The law of friendship is, that you should die in the
 pursuit.”

The same author observes,

“Zinduganee cheest moordun peshi dost.”

“It is life to die in the presence of the beloved!”

Nor are there wanting many passages which emulate the purest and noblest ideas of our most classic poets. Thus, a favorite author observes, in a beautiful composition :

“Ai shooduh dur khanuhi jan munzilut,
Khanuhi jan yaftuh zan munzilut.”

“Yes! thou hast taken up thy residence in the mansion
of my soul;

The mansion of my soul has thereby obtained dignity!”

Here there is a beautiful play on the words
“munzilut,” thy mansion, and “munzilut,” dig-
nity. Again, the poet’s birth-place, a spot con-
nected with the most delightful associations—
redolent of joy and youth—and of the very spring-
tide of the heart, has its claims on his tenderest
recollections. Thus, Hafiz.

“Khoosha Sheeraz, wu wuzu bee misalush,
Khoodawunda niguhdar uz zuwalush.”

“Joy to Sheeraz, and its incomparable situation.

Oh, Lord, preserve it from decay!”

One very peculiar property of the Persian lyric
is, that whilst apparently professing the most
ardent, most devoted attachment, to some fair
object of the heart’s best affections, it not unfre-
quently happens, that under this disguise, the
bard pours forth the full tide of song to the great
Lord of heaven and earth; considering the
beloved object as a ray of his divinity—emblem-
atic of the great source of life and light—regard-
ing beauty as the most glorious of his created
gifts; and thus, strange as it may appear, “look-
ing through nature, up to nature’s God.” Hence

we may easily imagine, to what a flow of exalted imagery—to what intense and glowing aspirations after the first great principle of moral and created beauty, such an adoration must lead. Analogous to this appears to be that beautiful composition, the “Song of Solomon,” to which, the principle just laid down, seems closely to apply. Yet this species of ghuzúl is generally the production of the Soofee, who, lost in the rapturous contemplation of the divine beatitudes, and destitute of any earthly similitude that can equal those high imaginings, grasps at beauty as the most exalted of all earthly perfections: perhaps similar to some pious individuals, who, whilst contemplating a beautiful painting of the crucifixion, are led inwardly to adore its divine prototype.

As a farther illustration of this, the reader is presented with a quotation from the learned Sir W. Jones; who observes, “the great Maulavée, (a poet deeply imbued with the Soofee doctrines) assures us that they profess eager desire, but with no earthly affection; and circulate the cup, but no material goblet; since all things are spiritual in their sect, and all is mystery within mystery.” As an extended commentary on this, may be quoted the opinion of Suudee, in his “Boostan,” who observes; “So enraptured are they with the beauty of Him who decorated the human form, that with the beauty of the form itself, they have

no concern ; and, if ever they behold a beautiful shape, they see in it the mystery of God's work."8 Again, the following exquisite verses from the "Musnuvee," of Gellalladeen Roomee, to which is annexed the poetical version of Sir W. Jones, throw a still stronger light on their peculiar ideas of heavenly beauty and love ; thus beginning

“ Shad bash ai ushq khoosh soodae ma,
Ai tubeebi jumluh i iluthai ma.”

“ Hail, heavenly Love! true source of endless gains ;
Thy balm restores us, and thy skill sustains.
Oh, more than Galen learn'd, than Plato wise,
My guide, my law, my joy supreme, arise !
Love warms this frigid clay with mystic fire ;
And dancing mountains leap with young desire.
Blest is the soul that swims in seas of love ;
And long the life, sustained by food above.
With forms imperfect can perfection dwell ?
Here pause my song, and thou vain world, farewell !”

Again, the following verses, from the mystics of those astonishing theists : “ In eternity, without beginning, a ray of thy beauty began to gleam ; when love sprang into being, and cast flames over all nature. From the moment that I heard the divine sentence,—‘ I have breathed into man a portion of my Spirit,’ I was assured that we were His, and He ours. Oh! the bliss of that day, when I shall depart from this desolate mansion—shall seek rest for my soul, and shall follow the

traces of my Beloved : dancing with love of his beauty, like a mote in the sun-beam, till I reach the spring and fountain of light, whence yon sun derives all his lustre !”

Nor are there wanting European authors, whose theologic sentiments are, in many respects, similar to the Soofee tenets ; as, Shaftsbury, Madame de Guion, and Akenside, whom our limits will not allow us to quote extensively. The following passage, from the latter poet, so exactly coincides with the Soofee sentiments on created beauty, that the reader may be interested in its perusal.

“ On every part

They trace the bright impressions of his hand ;
 In earth or air, the meadows' purple stores,
 The moon's mild radiance, or *the virgin's form,*
Blooming with rosy smiles, they see portrayed,
That uncreated beauty which delights
The mind supreme. They also feel her charms
Enamoured : they partake th' eternal joy.”

Again, those warm aspirations of Madame de Guion, on love divine, so beautifully translated by Cowper ; which the orientalist might almost fancy to be the production of Jellaluddeen Roomee.

“ While in the blue abyss of space
 Yon orb performs its rapid race,
 Still whisper in His listening ears
 The language of my sighs and tears ;
 Tell him, I seek him far below,
 Lost in a wilderness of woe.

“ Ye meads and groves, unconscious things!
 Ye know not whence my pleasure springs;
 Ye know not, and ye cannot know,
 The source from which my sorrows flow:
 The dear sole cause of all I feel,—
 He knows and understands them well.

“ Love, all-subduing and divine!
 Care for a creature truly thine;
 Reign in a heart disposed to own
 No sov'reign but thyself alone;
 Cherish a bride who cannot rove,
 Nor quit thee for a meaner love!

Again, the following, if possible, is still more closely allied to the style and tenets of Soofee theology.

“ Love is the Lord whom I obey,
 Whose will, transported, I perform;
 The centre of my rest, my stay;
 Love's all to me; myself a worm.

“ For uncreated charms I burn,
 Oppressed by slavish fear no more;
 For one in whom I may discern,
 E'en when he frowns, a sweetness I adore!

Nor must we imagine that the muse of Eeran is destitute of dignity, either in the ghuzúl, or epic romaunt. On the contrary, a great proportion of the latter open with the most sublime ideas; thus, the “Shah Namuh,” the great poem of Firdousee.

“ Bu nami khooawundi jan oo khirud
 Kuz een burtur undeshuh nugzurud ;
 Khooawundi jan oo khooawundi rai,
 Khooawundi rozi dih ruhnoomai.”

“ In the name of the Lord of life and reason,
 Since (a being) loftier than such a one, imagination
 cannot conceive ;
 Lord of the soul, and God of counsel,
 Our daily support and our guide !”

So likewise opens with an invocation to the
 deity, the “Sekandur Namuh” of Nizami.

“ Khooaiya, juhan padshae toorast
 Zi mun khidmut ayud khooaee toorast.”

“ Oh, Lord! thine is the sovereignty of the world ;
 Thine the adoration that springs from me.”

Again, the commencement of Jamee’s beautiful
 romaunt of “Lyla and Mujnoon :

“ Ai khaki too taji sur bulundan
 Mujnooni too uqli hoshmundan.”

“ Oh, God, the dust of thy threshold is the crown of
 the mighty ;
 Thy foolishness is the understanding of the wise !”

And again, the magnificent exordium of the
 same poet, “Yusoof vu Zooleekha.”

“ Bu nami yukanuh kih chushmuhi roushun muhur.”

“ In the name of the Unique, in the ocean of
 whose gifts, the fountain of light, the sun, is but

a drop; and the variegated volume of the sphere,
but a cypher in the signs of his perfection:—

His name do I invoke who is the refuge of the souls of
the faithful,

Whose praise is the brilliant jewel of the sword of
eloquence!

The tongue, the gate of hope, had its source in his name,
And was bedewed at the fountain of his graces;

Who brings the minute creation to life each instant,
And nourishes the slender thousands in less space than
the point of a hair;

Who illumines the heavens with constellations,
And with the human race, decorateth the earth as with
stars;

Who framed the vaulted roof of the revolving sphere,
And upraised the quadruple fold of the elements;

Who gives fragrance to the bosom of the rose-bud,
And studs the parent shrub with bespangled flowers;

Who weaveth the garments for the brides of the spring,
And teacheth the cypress stature to grace the shore.

Many other exquisite passages might be noticed
would our limits permit.

As it respects the metrical department of the
Persic, it is exceedingly copious, not yielding in
richness and variety to the Greek or Latin muse.
There are 19 “boohoor,” or metres, (literally
“seas;”) most of which are again subject to a con-
siderable variety by the skilful poet. All metres
are composed from certain forms, called “urkan,”
or “standards.” Of the “roobae,” or tetrastic

alone, there are twenty-four kinds. The Persian measures are not unfrequently analagous to those of the English; thus the following, by Suudee, is not unlike the English anapæstic.

“Suri chúshmuh-i-sháyud giríftun bu méel
Choo poór shood nusháyud goozíshtun bu péel”

“At the clóse of the dáy, when the hámlet is stíll,
And mórtals the swéets of forgétfulness prove.”

though it must be correctly referred to the standard.

Fuóolán | fuóolán | fuóolán | fuóol.

This is a favorite measure, and not unfrequently used in poems of considerable length, and is particularly adapted to “musnuvee,” or rhyme. Another species is the English diambic :

“Oh comé to mé | when dáylight sets.”

Repeated twice, as these lines of Suúdee ;

“Ai jáni mun | junáni mun
Bur mun nigúr | sooltáni mun.”

Or this slight variation, in one line, as the following by Hafiz.

“Choon bóolboolán | nuzóol kooneém | úsheéani gool.”

“When smóothly go | our góndolets | o’er the moon-lit
sea.”

Another measure used by the poet above-noticed, in some of his most exquisite compositions, is not unlike a combination of the Choriambic and Trochaic ; as,

“Ugur an | toórke Shee | ráze bu | dúst | árud dilee mára.”

“Wélcome the | bówret and | welcome the | gróve, | wáving
ing on the móuntain.”

Though it must be conceded, that the true Persian scansion of this ghuzúl is different, being of the measure—

Mufáeéloón | mufáeéloón | mufáeéloón | mufáeéloón.

and may be represented in English characters, with the accent corresponding to European prosody ; thus,

Ugúr átoór | ki sheérázéé | bu dús árúd | dileé márá

For évér síng | ing ás théy shíne | the hánd thát máde |
us ís dívíne.

Being thus somewhat similar in its constructive form (though not exactly in quantity) to the English verse of eight syllables, with the above arrangement of divisive pause ; whilst, at the same time, by a change of accent, it might be very well sung to an accompaniment adapted to the former measure : this metre is styled “Huzuj.”

Another light and airy form of the ghuzúl would very easily agree with the shorter species of choriambic ; as the following from Hafiz :

Móotribi khoósh | nuwa bugoó

Tázuu bu tá | zuh noo bu noo.

As,

Every shrúb | (and) évery flow’r

Waves a retúrn | (to) yon fáiry bow’r.

Another favourite measure, and peculiarly adapted to the dignity of the epopeé, and which the most distinguished bards have adopted, is a combination of three Bacchii, terminated by an iambus. In this metre is composed the great heroic poem of Firdouse, the "Shah Namuh." The scale of scansion is taken from the standard,

Fuoólán | fuoólán | fuoólán | fuoól.

closely allied to the English pause, in this form of division :

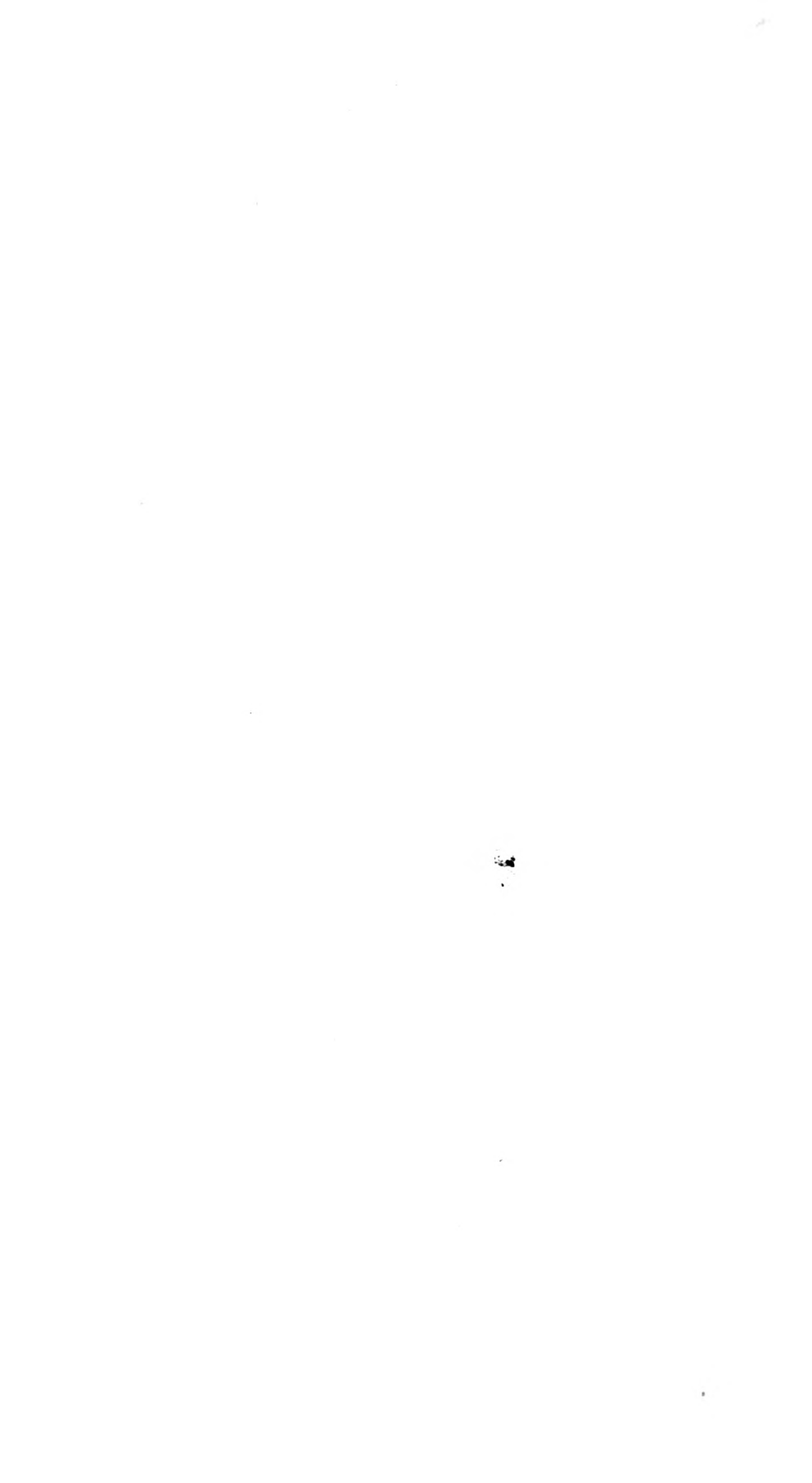
Bunámée | khooóáwún | di ján óo | khirúd

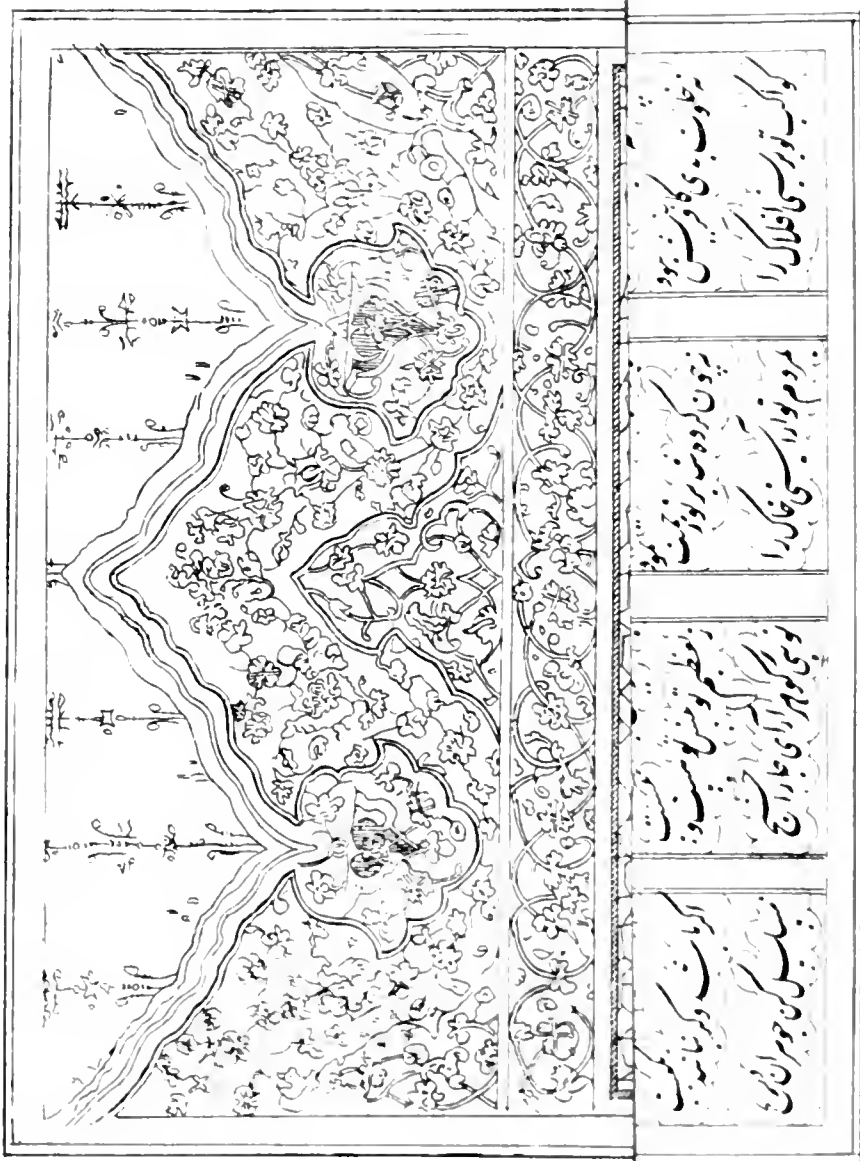
He soárs o'ér | the cloúds ánd | he floáts o'ér | thé floód.

Being nearly the English Anapæstic.

Musnuvee, or rhyme, as written in Persian manuscripts, does not follow the European arrangement of couplet beneath couplet; but the corresponding rhymes or verses, are placed opposite each other, lineally; as a specimen of which, and of Persian orthography, the reader is presented with an exact copy of the first page of Nizamee's "Secander Namuh," an elegant, and beautifully illuminated MS. in the possession of the author.

As a farther illustration of the "ghuzúl," an ode of "Jamee" is annexed, in the Persian *form* and *measure*; by Sir W. Jones.





کتاب تو بر سببی اخلال را
 نه خوت بی کا قریش بود

مردم تو ارا سببی خاک را
 نه چون کرده سبب بر تو زت

تو سبب که هر ارای تاج
 ز مظهر تو سبب مست

سبب کن جوهران بر
 اگر اداست و کز نماند

... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...

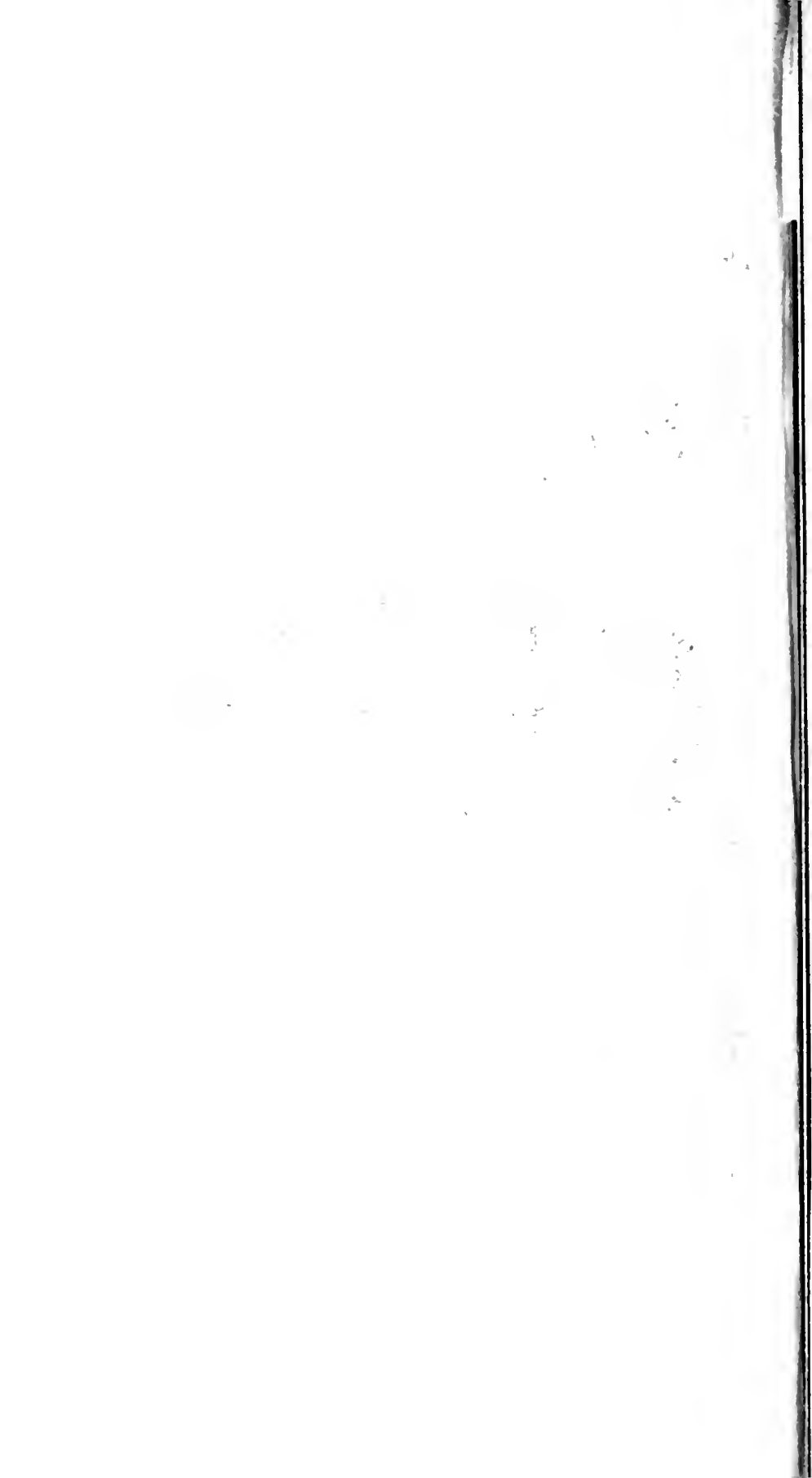
... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...

... the ... of ...



ODE OF JAMEE.

How sweet the gale of morning breathes ;
News that the rose will soon appear.
Soon will a thousand parted souls
Since tidings which in every heart
Late near my charmer's flowing robe
Thence odour to the rose-bud's veil,
Painful is absence, and that pain
Thou knowst, dear maid, when to thine ear
Why should I trace love's mazy path,
Black destiny! my lot is woe :
In vain a friend his mind disturbs ;
When sage physician to the couch
A roving stranger in thy town,
Till this his name, and rambling lay,

Sweet news of my *delight*, he brings ;
The tuneful bird of *night*, he brings.
Be led his captives through the sky ;
Must ardent flames *excite*, he brings.
He pass'd, and kiss'd the fragrant hem ;
And jasmine's mantle *white*, he brings.
To some base rival oft is ow'd ;
False tales, contrived in *spite*, he brings.
Since destiny my bliss forbids ?
To me no ray of *light* he brings !
In vain a childish trouble gives,
Of heart-sick love-lorn *wight*, he brings.
No guidance can sad Jamee find,
To thy all-piercing *sight* he brings.

We shall conclude our slight notice of the metrical arrangement of the Persians, by another quotation from the elegant author just noticed; being a paraphrase of a portion of a sonnet in the measure of the original.

“ Sweet as the rose that scents the gale ;
 Bright as the lily of the vale ;
 Yet with a heart like summer hail,
 Marring each beauty thou bearest.”

“ Where could those peerless flowrets blow ?
 Whence are the thorns that near them grow ?
 Wound me, but smile, oh lovely foe ;
 Smile on the heart thou tearest.”

Poetry in general is styled “shir,” which literally signifies “knowing;” “understanding.” Prosody is termed “urooz;” this is also the name of the last foot of the first hemistich, and literally signifies the “pole of a tent;” for as the pole is the support of the tent, so is the distich founded on this prop; for, until this foot is determined, the hemistich is not complete, nor is its measure known.* “Scanning” is styled “tooq-teeu,” literally, dissecting, or “pulling to pieces.” But we must dismiss this portion of our subject, to notice the amazing scope which the Persian presents for peculiar and appropriate antithesis. Indeed, the language is so copiously enriched, and adapted to this purpose, by the influx of the

* Gladwin. Rhet. and Prosod. 1801.

Arabic, that what in most European dialects would, perhaps, be styled a pun, assumes a peculiar propriety in the Persian.

Thus Suúdee introduces a tyrannical individual, whose house had been consumed by fire, as exclaiming, "I know not whence this fire fell upon my house;" some one replies, "uz dood i dili durweshan;" "from the sighs of the hearts of the poor:" here, "dood," (closely alluding to the "fire,") signifies both "smoke," and "a sigh. Again, that remarkable example, quoted by Sir W. Jones :

"An bula nu bood, kih uz bala bood."

"That is not an affliction which is from above."

Here "bula," signifies "an affliction," and "bala," "above."

Again; the moralist Suúdee, exhorting to lowliness of mind, and in allusion to that great humiliator of human pride, the grave, observes:

"Khak shoo, pesh uz an kih khak shooee."

"Be dust (khak) i. e. humble thyself to dust, before thou art dust." To which examples, some few passages in our native poesy, seem to approximate, though not with equal delicacy of allusion. Amongst others;—

"Oh may my *heart* in tune be found,
Like David's *harp* of solemn sound."

Again, there occur not unfrequently among classic Persian authors, as well in prose as in verse, such force of poetic contrast, such strength and beauty of allusion, as seem to have formed the outshadowings of the imagery of our immortal Shakspeare; thus Jamee, speaking of a childless old man;

“Being desirous, that when the gale had carried away
his blossoms, his tree might bear fruit;
But, seeing no prospect of future bearing, the tree
of hope began to wither.”

So Shakspeare—

“A storm, a robbery, call it what you will,—
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.”

The phrase, “arkani doulat,” or “nobles,” of Suúdee, is literally, Shakspeare’s “Pillars of the state.” Again, the following, from the author just quoted, participates in the ripened poetic beauty of the British bard:

“The dew drops on the fresh verdure, as moist pearls
strewed upon emeralds; the rose-bud, investing itself
in armour, defended itself with spears; and the narcissus,
awakened by the blaze of her golden head, like a
nymph, arose from sleep; and the frightened blossom,
peeping from under the leaves, unconsciously exposed
her charms.”

Similar allusions, to the following, abounding in

Shakspeare, are completely the poetic *tournaire* of Persic phraseology.

“My *cloud of dignity*
Is held from falling, with so *weak a wind*,
That it will quickly drop.”

“Not on thy *sole*, but on thy *soul*, harsh Jew,
Thou mak’st thy knife keen.
Thou hid’st a *thousand daggers* in thy thoughts,
Which thou has whetted on *thy stony heart*,
To stab at half an hour of my frail life.”

Again, in allusion to his guilty manner of seizing the crown, and his successor’s exemption from all stain on that account, Henry IV. observes to his son,—

“For all the *soil* of the achievement goes
With me into *the earth*.”

Again, in “Lyla and Mujnoon,” we find the counterpart of those celebrated verses of Pope.

Jamee :—

“If from the vault of heaven, down to the centre of the
earth,
You look a hundred ways, and direct your thoughts,
Whether you exalt or depress them,
You cannot perceive one atom uninfluenced by his
power ;
His pure essence has neither quality nor quantity,—
No bounds below, nor limits set on high ;
And from his infinity proceed time and matter.”

Pope :—

“ All are but parts of one stupendous whole ;
 Whose body nature is, and God the soul ;
 That changed through all, and yet in all the same ;
 Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame :
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees ;
 Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent.
To him no high, no low, no great, no small ;
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.”

Another favorite style of composition, is formed by the omission of the diaeretical points, so that ب b, may be read as پ p ; and vice versa ; and thus the sense of the passage be completely altered. Again, by the opposite signification of the same word, as,

“ Ruqeeb gooft, kih uftaduh um mura *burdar*
 Duash kurдум, oo gooftum, khoodat *burdarud*.”

“ My rival said, ‘ I have fallen, lift me up,’
 I blessed him and said, ‘ may God lift you up,’ or,
 take you to himself.”

This species of composition is styled, “ qoul ba moojub.”

Again the signification may be wonderfully affected, by the change of the vowel point of one letter only ; as,

“ Rooz or shub khahum humeeu uz kirdigar,
 Ta surut bashud humeeshuh tajdar.”

“By day and night I am entreating God,
That your head may be continually crown'd.”

If the letter ך j, be made quiescent, as “tajdar,” it signifies “crowned;” but when accented, as “ta ju-dar,” it implies, “on the wall.”*

But we cannot conclude our slight sketch of the poesy of this nation, without noticing that extraordinary, and gifted race of beings, the oriental improvisatori; from whom the divine stream of bardic inspiration, seems to have flowed downwards to the sons of Italy. The earliest authentic accounts which we possess, are those contained in the sacred text; where are recorded the sublime effusions of Moses, Miriam, Baruch, and Deborah, and, in all probability, many of the royal Hebrew's. Ages subsequent, however, to these distinguished individuals, this art was cultivated in Arabia, and carried to the highest pitch of perfection.

Even at this day in Spain, it is not at all unusual, at an evening's entertainment, (in the country especially,) for one of the most gifted of the intellectual coterie there assembled, to rise up, and extemporaneously give a poetic challenge to some individual in the company, in what measure he may please; from this the challenged does not shrink; and (on the contrary,) generally comes off with honor. This is styled the “bola;” because the challenger, at the close of his short

* Gladwin, Rhet. and Pros. 1801.

poem, exclaims, "bola;" and this term is, in all probability, an Indian vocable, since it signifies "speak," or "reply." But we must return from this digression, to confine our attention more closely to the east, the great source of the improvisator.

During the splendid era of the Mohamedan conquests, when the Crescent extended its influence nearly over the habitable globe, the appearance of improvisatori was by no means uncommon, at the courts of those magnificent patrons of literature, the sooltans of Bagdad; nor, indeed, in the capital of any eastern monarch, who made any pretensions to refinement or civilization.⁹ During the califate of Al Motuwakeel, the names of Musdood, Rakek, and Rais, were deservedly celebrated as great professors in this art. Also, during the sooltanate of Carawash, the improvisator, Ibn Alramaeran, was justly renowned as a great proficient in this elegant accomplishment. The late professor Carlyle (with whose version of a song the reader is presented,) thus introduces the cause of its composition; "Carawash, sooltan of Mousel, being one wintry evening at a party of pleasure along with Barkaedi, Ebn Fahdi, Aboo Jaber, and the poet Ebn Alramaeran, resolved to divert himself at the expence of his companions. He therefore ordered the poet to give a specimen of his talents, which at the

same time should convey a satire upon the three courtiers, and a compliment to himself. Ebn Alramacran took his subject from the stormy appearance of the night, and immediately produced these verses :”

“ Lowring as Barkaeedi’s face
The wintry night came in ;
Cold as the music of his bass,
And lengthened as his chin !

“ Sleep from my aching eyes had fled,
And kept as far apart,
As sense from Ebn Fahdi’s head,
Or virtue from his heart !

“ The devious paths my footsteps balk’d,
I slipp’d along the sod,
As though on Jaber’s faith I’d walk’d,
Or on his truth had trod !

At length the rising king of day
Burst on the gloomy wood,
Like Carawash’s eye, whose ray
Dispenses every good !”

To this light style of composition, might be added the noble poem of Hareth, of which a beautiful translation has been given by Sir W. Jones ; as also many others, displaying equal genius and skill.

That the Greeks of antiquity, and the modern Italians, have been indebted to the east, for the improvisatori who have successively adorned their

respective countries, must be evident, to those who consider that region, as the source whence flowed the stream of civilization, and the elegant arts of life. At the same time it must be conceded, that the productions of the Italian improvisatori appear to claim a superiority over those of the east, inasmuch as they have more frequently ascended from the lighter style of the lyric, to the dignity of the epopée. As a proof of this, we need only consider the exquisite poems of Gianni, and some of his cotemporaries.

To trace the origin, progress, and perfection of so wonderful an art; to develop its effects on the passions of our race, as connected with the achievements of antiquity, and the dark shades of a mythologic era; to ascertain its influence on traditionary evidence; and above all, on the history of man, would form an interesting object of investigation to the contemplative mind. But the elucidation of such a theory is foreign to our purpose; we would therefore pass on to observe, by way of conclusion, that a style which, to an European, might perhaps appear inflated or hyperbolic, is, from the genius of the Asiatic, strictly appropriate, and even beautiful. How often, omitting this consideration, would the inspired writings themselves, when judged by the cold eye of European criticism, appear superfluous, and even inflated. This exuberance

of expression has often been imputed as a fault to the modern Asiatics; yet might not the same objection be made to many of those beautiful compositions, the Psalms of the royal David? For example, "rivers of waters run down mine eyes;" "my soul cleaveth unto the dust;" with many other passages, where the language is highly metaphoric, and very naturally gives an idea of the intensity of feeling. Yet must it be allowed, that though in general, the writings of the east participate in this glowing richness of expression, there are not wanting compositions, whose style is as simple and chaste as that of our most classic authors.

We might here sum up our brief notice of the poesy of the east, by remarking its powerful influence on the provençal compositions; the charming strains of Spenser and Chaucer; the wild romaunt of the early English minstrel; Spanish literature in general; and especially the "Romances Moriscos," a species of poesy perfectly unique in the whole compass of literature; but our limits will not allow. We therefore pass on, to take some brief notice of eastern music, and more particularly of the Persian.

In the consideration of an art, coeval with the earliest structure of society—whose wonderful powers have been alternately employed to rouse the soul to martial enterprise, or sooth the

troubled spirit of our race in its darkest mood of sorrow—such an art we cannot but contemplate with mingled awe and delight; as one, moreover, whose grand principles were called into life, as it were, by the breath of inspiration; and to which modern skill, however far surpassing in richness of combination, has scarcely added an instrumental tone. For, when we reflect that all instrumental sounds are reducible in their first principles, to vibrations produced by the medium of tension, or of the action of air on hollow bodies, as of the pipe or horn species, it will perhaps be conceded, that the prototypes of our most delightful instruments (with very trivial exceptions,) were in existence very many centuries since. Thus it is obvious, that that noble pile of music, the organ, is reducible simply to a full and harmonious combination of the pipe species. The piano-forte, harp, &c. are but rich mechanical variations of the earliest stringed instruments; all of which had their origin in the east. We do not speak here, however, of music as a science.

Having made these preliminary observations, we would observe that, in the countries of Arabia and Persia, are prevalent three principal modes of music, styled “*purduhs*,” viz. the “*Hujazee*,” or Arabian, the “*Irakee*,” or Babylonian, and the “*Isfuhancee*,” or native Persian melody. The

monarchs of the east seem, in many instances, to have been not only the magnificent patrons of this science, but also eminent composers. The renowned Haroun Al Rashid,* who flourished at the close of the seventh century, was a sincere lover of this art; ennobling and making a confidant of Ishak, the most celebrated performer on the ood, or lute, that had been known in Arabia. A distinguished scion also, of the line of Abassides, (Aboo Giafar,) composed several beautiful melodies which are still highly prized by the Arabians. In a work composed by the calif Muhumud-ul-Furubi, (the Arabian Orpheus) we are informed that his countrymen, though zealously cultivating the Grecian system of music, did not implicitly give credence to its theories, but were even enabled to point out and detect many errors. He goes on to explain how the vibrations of the air create in instruments an acuter or graver sound, and what should be their figure and construction, in order to produce the tones required.

The Asiatics have a great number of instruments; and it is certain that many in use amongst us at present, were originally eastern inventions. The shuh-shuh is an instrument with four strings, not unlike a violincello; the ubur is a common lute. The seelee has a large *κωνίσα*, or hollow,

* *Pron.* Huroon ur rusheed.

with a deep tone. The yunum is a large instrument, strung with brass wires, and struck with a short plectrum. The burboot is a favourite species of lute in Persia, said to have been invented by a famous musician of that name, who was tutor to Khasrou Parveez, king of Persia. This instrument, indeed, under the name of barbiton, was known to the Greeks, being introduced to them from Persia. The ujuk resembles the guitar. The ood is, strictly speaking, a lute, and is a favourite amongst the Arabians. It has four strings; viz. the zeer, or most acute; the mutsli-mothlik, tuned a fourth below the zeer; the mutsulluts, a third below the mutsni; and the bem, or bass, tuned a fourth below the mutsul-luts. The shusta (from shush, six,) has six strings, and is of the guitar species; the roobab has three strings, and has a body shaped somewhat like a tortoise. The qitar is a six stringed instrument, the cithara of the Greeks and Latins, as also the catrous of the Chaldeans; and is the parent of the guitar of Spain, being introduced into that country by the Arabians, together with the gallant custom of serenading the ladies; on which occasion, as Mr. Richardson observes, not only the words of the song, but the melody, and even the colour of their habits, were expressive of the triumph of the fortunate, or the despair of the rejected lover. The other names of the lute and

harp species are, the kiran, the mizhur, the kunarut, the kumanchuh, and the zuntoor. The koonjbad seems to be the Eolian harp; the miskul, a species of Pan's reed-pipe, of unequal lengths; and the tooloómbuh, a water-organ.

The kumanchuh is generally made of mulberry wood; the body is about eight inches in diameter, and globular, except at the mouth, over which is stretched and fixed by glue, a covering of parchment; it has three strings, with an oblique bridge, and is generally carried hanging from the shoulder by a leathern strap; its length is about three feet, from the wooden ball at the top, to the button which rests on the ground; the bow is extremely slight, and about two feet and a half in length. Sir W. Ouseley notices a Persian MS. in his collection, which observes, "silken strings are recommended as being best adapted to the kumanchuh of toot, or mulberry wood, from a supposed sympathy between that tree, and the produce of the insect which feeds on its leaves." Sometimes it is made of the گردو girdoo, or walnut tree. "Shemsheddin says," (observes the same author,) "that if a musician should furnish the burboot, with strings of wolf and sheep's intestines together, they would refuse to vibrate in concord; or, indeed, give no sound at all." The sitaruh is a three stringed guitar.

Of drums, which seem to be an Arabian inven-

tion, there is a great variety. Tubl is a drum; tubluk, a small drum. The Persian field officers formerly used one of these affixed to their saddles, when giving the word of command. The duhl is covered with parchment at both ends, one of which is so braced, as to yield a sound higher by an octave than the other. The doof, doobduh, durub, shuduf, dumbul, shunduf, with several others, are drums, tabors, or similar instruments.

The sitam, khoobuh, rooyoom, and khoom, are species of the kettle drum. The koos is the large military drum, generally used at the palace, or at head quarters, to announce the presence of the king. Of wind instruments, both for war and the chase, they have a considerable number. Of the trumpet kind are the shubeer, the nufeer, the nakeer, the kurna, or kurrunai; the last of which was used by Teemoor-lung, or Tamerlane, whose sound is described as uncommonly dreadful, and so loud as to be heard at the distance of several miles. The booq is a kind of hunting horn; and the gou-doom a trumpet with which they sound the battle-charge. Of the pipe or flute species, are the zurna, the keysubus, the nydil, the shaný, the kuwal, the suný, the ny, (reed,) and nychuh, (litte reed;) this is a flute pierced with holes, the body of reed, and the mouth-piece of horn; the Dervcish dances to the sound of this instrument.

The suný is shaped somewhat like a hautboy without keys; it has a brass mouth-piece, and fifteen holes; seven in a right line, ranged nearly like those of that instrument; three smaller ones towards the lower extremity; two on each side, and one of larger dimension near the bottom. The suny resembles our psaltery; its sounding-board has two openings and its strings of brass wire, or gut, are played upon by the fingers, provided with a species of thimble. From the Persians, the most musical indeed of the eastern nations, the Arabs have borrowed most of their system, and its nomenclature.

Their intervals are styled "guh," a "time;" as yuk, one, doo, two, see, three, char, four, punj, five, shush, six, huft, seven: therefore the first interval is styled yukguh, the second dooguh, &c. Yet, in singing, it is usual for them to execute the most difficult passages, ascending and descending chromatically, and even by still finer intervals than semitones: thus, from C to D, they reckon four intervals. This, perhaps, may seem extraordinary, and even incredible; but when we consider the exquisite flexibility of the human voice, and the wonders we have heard achieved by celebrated performers, we cease to be so astonished.

Their manner of noting music, is by forming an oblong rectangle, divided by seven strait

lines, perpendicular to its sides, and representing, together with the two lines of its superior and inferior extremities, eight intervals. Each of the lines is of a different colour, which it is important to remember. The "yuk" is green; the "doo" red; the "see" blue; the "char" violet; the "punj" camomile-yellow; the "shush" amber-black; and the "huft" a bright blue. But not unfrequently, the name of the letter marks the interval; as, alif, instead of yuk, &c. Notwithstanding the prohibition against music contained in the Mahomedan system, by almost universal connivance, it has procured, and maintained for itself, a place in nearly every entertainment of the nobility, or of private individuals.

Nor should we forget, that from the east descended to our forefathers, the Norman jongleur, the Arabesque morris dance, and the English minstrel. We have been long accustomed to hear of the wonders of Orphean melody, and from frequent repetition to attach no inconsiderable degree of credit to its power; and, like the above-mentioned musician, the eastern cultivators of this delightful art seem to have been equally skilful in moving the passions, of which the following is an example. Ulfurabee, who died about the middle of the tenth century, was a philosopher of uncommon genius; and amongst other accomplishments, he excelled in music. On his return

from the pilgrimage of Mecca, he introduced himself, though a stranger, at the court of Saif ud dawlut, sooltan of Syria: musicians were accidentally performing, and he joined them. The prince admired him, and wished to hear something of his own. He took a composition from his pocket, and distributing the parts among the band, the first movement threw the prince and his courtiers into violent and excessive laughter; the next melted all into tears; and the last lulled even the performers asleep. After this display, we may well exclaim to our modern professeurs, "ye little stars, hide your diminished heads." The Arabians and Persians have a musical scale, which they style "door-i-moofussul," or pearls of separation; whence appears to be derived the Italian system of teaching the vocal art, as is evident from the following comparison.

Arab. and Pers.		Italian.
ا Alif	la mi re	A la mi re
ب Be	fa pe mi	B fa be mi
ج Jcem	so fa do	C sol fa ut
د Dal	le so re	D la sol re
ه He	la mi	E la mi
و Waw	fa do	F fa ut
ز Zain	so re do	G sol re ut

But whatever merits the highest strains of Per-

sic or Grecian minstrelsy might claim, they are far transcended by the ancient Hindoo melodies, if we can, indeed, give credit to their romantic accounts. "Their music," says Sir W. Ouseley, "is divided into six raugs, or modes; and, whatever magic was in the touch, when Orpheus swept the lyre, the effects said to be produced by two of these 'raugs,' are even more extraordinary than any of the miracles ascribed to the Grecian lyrist. Mia Tonsine, a wonderful musician in the time of king Akber, sang one of the *night raugs* at mid-day. The powers of his music were such that it instantly became *night*, and the darkness extended in a circle round the palace, as far as the sound of his voice could be heard.

There is a tradition, that whosoever should attempt to sing the "raug dhee pook," will be destroyed by fire. The emperor Akber, ordered Naik Gopal, a celebrated musician to sing that raug; he endeavoured to excuse himself, but in vain. The emperor insisted on obedience. He therefore requested permission to go home and bid farewell to his family and friends. It was winter when he returned, after an absence of six months. Before he began to sing, he placed himself in the waters of the Jumna, till they reached his neck; as soon as he had performed a strain or two, the river gradually became hot; at length it began to boil, and the agonies of the unhappy musician,

were nearly insupportable. Suspending for a moment the melody thus cruelly extorted, he sued for mercy from the monarch, but in vain. Akber wished to prove still more strongly the powers of this "raug." Naik Gopal renewed the fatal strain; flames burst with violence from his body, which, though immersed in the waters of the Jumna, was consumed to ashes! As a set off to this, it must be known, that the effect of the "maig mullar raug," was immediate rain, and it is said that a singing girl, by exerting the powers of her voice in this "raug," drew down from the clouds timely and refreshing showers, on the parched plains of Bengal, and thus averted the horrors of famine from this paradise of regions. An European however, it must be honestly confessed, in that country, on enquiring after those whose musical talents might produce similar effects, is gravely told that the art is now almost lost; but that there are still musicians possessed of those wonderful powers in the west of India; but should one enquire in the west, they say that, if any performers remain, they are to be found only in Bengal. Yet, romance apart, of the present music, and of the sensations it excites, one can speak with greater accuracy; for many of these melodies possess the plaintive simplicity of the Scotch and Irish, and others a wild originality pleasing beyond description. The

following terms correspond to the European arrangement.

- استاد Istad, adagio.
 رو Roo, allegro.
 جنبان Joomban, trill or shake.
 کشید Kusheed, to lengthen or draw out the sound.
 طیب Teep, an octave higher.
 گشت Goosht, quaver.

But we would now return from our digression, to notice the music of Persia. It has before been observed, that there are prevalent in that country three principal "purduhs," or modes; the "Hejazee," Irakee, and Isfahanee, corresponding to the Grecian arrangement of the Phrigian, Doric, Ionic, &c. Yet there is a vast number of secondary modes, styled "shobulhs," adopted from the divisions of the chromatic scale. On this interesting subject we are indebted to that universal scholar, Sir W. Jones, who observes, speaking of intervals, "the longer intervals we shall call tones, and the shorter (in compliance with custom) semi-tones, without mentioning their exact ratios; and it is evident that as the places of the semi-tones admit seven variations relative to one fundamental sound, there are as many modes, which may be called primary; but we must not confound them with our modern modes, which result from the system of

accords now established in Europe; they may rather be compared with those of the Roman church, where some valuable remains of old Grecian music are preserved, in the sweet, majestic, simple, and affecting strains of the plain song. Now since each of the other tones may be divided, we find twelve semi-tones in the whole series; and since each semi-tone may in its turn become the leader of a series, formed after the model of every primary mode, we have seven times twelve, or eighty-four modes in all, of which seventy-seven may be named secondary; and we shall see accordingly, that the Persians and the Hindoos (at least in their most popular system) have exactly eighty-four modes, though distinguished by different appellations, and arranged in different classes: but since many of them are displeasing to the ear, others difficult in execution, and few sufficiently marked by a character of sentiment and expression, which the higher music always requires, the genius of the Indians has enabled them to retain the number of modes, which nature seems to have indicated; and to give to each of them a character of its own, by a happy and beautiful contrivance. Why any one series of sounds, the ratios of which are ascertained by observation, and expressible by figures, should have a peculiar effect on the organ of hearing, and by the auditory nerves, on the mind, will then only be known by mortals, when they shall

know why each of the seven colours in the rainbow (where a proportion analogous to that of musical sounds most wonderfully prevails), has a certain specific effect on our eyes; why the shades of green and blue, for instance, are soft and soothing, while those of red and yellow, distress and dazzle the sight. But without striving to account for the phenomena, let us be satisfied with knowing that some of the modes have distinct perceptible properties, and may be applied to the expression of various mental emotions; a fact which ought well to be considered by those performers who would reduce them all to a dull uniformity, and sacrifice the beauties of their art, to an injudicious temperament. The whole system of Persian music is explained in a celebrated collection of tracts, on pure and mixed mathematics, entitled, “Doora-tooltaj,” and composed by a very learned man, so generally called, “Allami Sheeraze,” that his proper name is almost forgotten;—but, as the modern Persians had access, I believe, to Ptolemy’s harmonics, their mathematical writers on music treat it rather as a science, than as an art; and seem, like the Greeks, to be more intent on splitting tones into quarters and eighth-parts, (of which they compute the ratios to show their arithmetic), than on displaying the principles of moderation, as it may affect the passions.

The Persians distribute their eighty-four modes,

according to an idea of locality, into twelve rooms, twenty-four recesses, and forty-eight angles or corners. In the beautiful tale, known by the title of the "Four Derveishes," originally written in Persia with great purity and elegance, we find the description of a concert, where four singers, with as many different instruments, are represented modulating in twelve "mukams," or "purduhs," "places, or modes," twenty-four "shobabs," or "secondary modes," and forty-eight "goshuhs," or corners; and beginning a mirthful song of Hafiz, in the purduh, named "rast," or direct. As the purduhs are named from the kingdoms, as Hujaz, Isfahan, &c.; so also the Shobuhs, or secondary modes, are derived from the names of towns; as Zabul, Nishapoor, &c.

We shall close our slight sketch of the music of this nation, with an anecdote or two, by the accomplished scholar just quoted. Speaking of the wonderful powers of the eastern music, he observes, "A learned native of this country told me that he had frequently seen the most venomous and malignant snakes leave their holes upon hearing tunes on a flute, which, as he supposed, gave them peculiar delight; and secondly, an intelligent Persian, who repeated his story again and again, and permitted me to write it down from his lips, declared he had more than once been present, when a celebrated lutanist, Mirza Mohammed, surnamed

“boolbool,” (the nightingale), was playing in a large company in a grove near Shiraz, where he distinctly saw the nightingales trying to vie with the musician; sometimes warbling on the trees, sometimes fluttering from branch to branch, as if they wished to approach the instrument, whence the melody proceeded, and at length dropping on the ground, in a kind of ecstasy; from which they were soon raised, he assured me, by a change of the mode.”

We must now conclude our notice of this interesting subject, having already far exceeded our limits; hoping that it will supersede the necessity of a reference to otherwise numerous notes, and throw considerable light on the subsequent pages.

NOTES.

¹ "Eeran."—The proper name of the whole kingdom of Persia, including all that tract of country which stretches from the river Jihun, to the Persian Sea on the south, and to the Tigris on the west. The country which lies beyond the Jihun, is called Tooran, and Toorkistan. In a more extended acceptation, however, Eeran and Tooran are equivalent to "the whole world," like the "Ἕλληνοὶ καὶ βαρβαροὶ," Greeks and Barbarians, of the Grecians; so also the term "urub wu ùjum," Arab and Persian, implies Arab and Barbarian, or "the "whole world."

² "Kaiyumeras."—The first king of Persia, whom some historians of that nation believe to have been the first of kings, and the Adam of the Hebrews. He first began to construct houses; for mankind, until his time, had no other habitations than caverns. It is said that the same king, was the inventor of woollen, cotton, and silk stuffs; inducing mankind to forego the use of skins, with which they had before cloathed themselves, as also the shelter of their habitable caves.—"D'Herbelot, Bibliotheque Orientale."

³ "Yuzdugird."—The last prince of the Sassanian dynasty; by some historians, said to have fallen in the final and decisive battle, which lost him his empire; but by others, to have been treacherously murdered, as he was reposing after his flight from that engagement.

⁴ "Peri" *پری* literally signifies, winged; but is universally used to signify that beautiful species of ideal beauty, representing neither woman, man, nor angel; but closely resembling our forefathers' ideas of that diminutive and beneficent creature, the Fairy. In the ancient romances of Persia and Arabia, the peculiar

country of these visionary beings is styled جنستان (Jinnistan,) or Fairy land; where they subsist upon perfumes alone; and are esteemed so exquisitely lovely, that a beautiful woman is termed peri-zaduh, fairy-born, or peri-rooe, fairy-face.

⁵ The "Deeve," and "Jin," are esteemed the very reverse to the Peri; being malignant, and perpetually at war with them and the human race, whom the Peris are said to protect. On this subject D'Herbelot observes, in the Caherman Namuh, "it is said that the Deeves having taken in war some of the Peris, shut them up in iron cages which they suspended to the highest trees which they could possibly find. There, their companions visited them from time to time, with the most precious perfumes; these perfumes were the ordinary food of the Peris, and still farther procured them another advantage; for they hindered the Deeves from approaching, or molesting them; because they could not support these odours, since they rendered them gloomy and sad." The Jins are painted as horrid in aspect and cruel in disposition.

⁶ The "Soofee," may be defined as a religious Mahometan, devoted to retirement and prayer; the term is derived from the word "Soof," which signifies "woollen," this being their ordinary clothing; hence it came to imply a "sage" or "philosopher;" hence also the Σοφοί, or wise men of the Greeks.

⁷ "Aeenuh dilha,"—So exactly Spenser, a complete Persian in metaphor; as

"Fayre eyes! the myrour of my mazed hart,
What wondrous vertue is contayn'd in you;
The which both lyfe and death forth from you dart,
Into the object of your mighty view!"

Again:

"The sweet eye-glaunces that like arrows glide:"

And,—

"What guyle is this, that these her golden tresses
She doth attyre under a net of gold,
And with sly skill so cunningly them dresses,
That which is gold, or haire, may scarce be told?"

Is it that men's fraile eyes, which gaze too bold,
She may entangle in that golden snare?"

Again, like Suúdee, quoted in the text, Spenser, after advising the unhappy swain to make use of those "engines," "prayers and playnts," says,—

"And if those fayle, fall down and dye before her;
So dying, live, and living, do adore her."

⁸ "And if ever."—So exactly the original of Milton—

"When I behold that beauty's wonderment,
And rare perfection, of each goodly part,
Of nature's skill the only compliment,
I honor and adore the Maker's art."

⁹ Mr. Richardson observes, "the eastern princes seem to have carried their attachment to men of genius, to a very singular excess; imprisoning them, even when they suspected them of an intention to retire. If they happened to escape, an embassy with presents and apologies, followed the men of learning; and peremptory demands were often made, where gentler methods had not the desired effect; a demand however, seldom complied with, if the power of the sovereigns, with whom they had taken refuge, bore any proportion to that of their competitors. Khakanee, a celebrated Persian poet of the twelfth century, was a great favourite with the sooltan of Shirvan; but becoming at last disgusted with the world, he desired leave to retire into the religious order of the Durveshes. The sooltan refusing him permission, he fled; but was pursued, brought back, and imprisoned for several months. Here he composed one of his finest elegies; but he was at length set at liberty, and soon after obtained leave to put his design into execution."

Again; Mahmood, sultan of Ghuznuh, having invited some men of genius from the court of his son-in-law, the king of Kharazm, the celebrated Avicenna, who was of the number, refused to go, and retired to the capital of the sooltan of Joorjan. Mahmood ordered immediately a number of portraits of this great physician to be copied, and sent them all around, in order to

discover his retreat. The fame of his cures had, in the mean time, reached the sooltan of Joorjan ; who sent for him to visit a favorite nephew, whose malady had perplexed the faculty. Avicenna supposed it to be concealed love ; and in the idea that the fair object might be one of the ladies of the king's haram, he desired the chamberlain to describe the curiosities of the palace, whilst he felt the prince's pulse. On the mention of a particular apartment, he perceived an uncommon emotion in his patient ; but the naming of the lady who lived in it, entirely removed his doubts. The sequel is a perfect counterpart of the famous story of Antiochus and Stratonice : the prince was made happy. The king, conceiving a great desire to see a physician of such penetrating genius, sent for him ; and discovered him the moment he appeared, by one of the portraits which he had received from sooltan Mahmood ; but no menaces could induce the king of Joorjan to deliver him up : he rewarded him on the contrary, with riches and honors ; and protected him, as long as he chose to continue at his court, against the all-powerful resentment of that formidable monarch.

THE
PUND NAMUH;
OR,
A SYSTEM OF ETHICS.

BY
SHYKH SUÚDEE,
OF SHIRAZ.



INTRODUCTION
TO
THE PUND NAMUH.

PREPARATORY to the version of the "Pund namuh," the reader is presented with a brief outline of Suúdee the illustrious original; he was born at Sheeraz, the capital of "Fars," or Persia proper, A. D. 1175.—A member of the religious order of Derveshes, he spent most of his time in travelling; but being taken prisoner by the crusaders, he was compelled to labour on the fortifications of Tripoli; where being casually seen by a merchant of Aleppo, an old friend of his, he was generously ransomed for ten golden crowns. This merchant's daughter he afterwards married; with whom however, he does not appear to have enjoyed much happiness. This series of strange incidents, Suúdee, philosophically and humourously relates in the second chapter of the Goolistan (dur akhlaqi durveshan, "on the Morals of Durveshes") with which the reader is here presented, as throwing still farther light on his history.

“Being completely wearied with the society of my friends at Damascus, I turned my face towards the holy wilderness, (the desert of Jerusalem) and took up companionship with the brute creation, until the time that I became a prisoner to Frankish chains. They detained me in the moat of Tripoli with some Jews to dig clay, until one of the chief men of Aleppo, between myself and whom there subsisted an old intimacy, passing by, recognized me, and said, ‘in what state do I see you; and how do you pass your time?’ I replied, I had fled from mankind to the mountains and desert, since on no other than God can we place dependance; imagine what my condition was at that moment, when I was compelled to associate with worse than men; (na murdan, not-men.)

“Pai dur zunjeer peshee dostan
Bih kih ba beganuh dur boostan.”

“The feet in chains, in company with our friends,
Is better than being in a garden with strangers.”

“He took pity on my miserable condition, and for ten dinars freed me from the captivity of the Franks, and took me with him to Aleppo. He had a daughter دختری (dokhturee,) whom he gave me in marriage with a portion of 100 dinars. After a certain time had elapsed, she proved of a bad disposition, contentious and disobedient, and began to be abusive; (zuban duraze kurdun girift, began

to make the tongue of length,) and destroyed my happiness; as they have said,

“ A bad tempered woman, in a good man’s house,
Even in this world, is his hell.”

“ Beware how you connect yourself with one of a bad
disposition,
And defend us, oh our Lord, from this fiery trial!”

“ On one occasion, lengthening the tongue of reproach, she said, “ art thou not he whom my father redeemed from Frankish captivity for ten dinars?” I said yes; he certainly redeemed me for ten dinars, but delivered me into your hands for a hundred.

MUSNUVEE.

“ I have heard that a certain great man delivered
A sheep from the teeth and claw of a wolf,
But at night applied a knife to his throat :
The expiring sheep complained of him (saying)
You have snatched me from the claw of the wolf,
But I have seen you at last act the very wolf towards
me.”

Suúdee’s principal works are the Goolistan, or rose garden (a beautiful miscellany of moral tales in prose and verse), published A. D. 1257. The Boostan, or fruit garden; the Moolamuat, or “ rays,” and the Pund namuh, or book of ethics; and like Bocaccio amongst the Italians, to such a pitch of perfection did he carry his compositions, that even

at this day they are considered as standards of the modern Persian language. This celebrated poet died A. D. 1291, at the venerable age of 116 years. In the subsequent version, the translator, while endeavouring to attend to the Horatian precept, of transferring the spirit of the original, trusts that he has not neglected the equally important duty of faithfulness.

In the scope and tendency of these Moosoolman precepts, they are not unlike the *Γνωμοι*, or ethics, of Theognis; with this exception, that the principles of the former, approximate more nearly to the doctrines of the christian code.

There are also the ethics of Feriddeen Attar, and the moral fables of Nizamee. In the subsequent version, the author has endeavoured to give some idea of the terseness of the original, very generally closing the sense in the corresponding lines; and not unfrequently sacrificing poetic ornament to truth.

THE
ETHICS OF SHYKH SUŪDEE.

In the name of God, the merciful, the clement.^a

INVOCATION TO GOD AND HIS OWN SOUL.

VOUCHSAFE our hopeless thrall one pitying ray,
Since,^b fetter'd captives of dark Passion's sway,
No might we boast, no arm to shield, save thine,
Absolving, sin-sufficient, Light divine:—
And, oh! defend us from yon erring gloom;
Then, purg'd from guilt, with spotless life illumine.
Long, long as in his ivory palace dwell
The lord of speech,^c dear to this heart, shall swell
Muhumed's praise, heaven-guested; noblest seer,
Who, thron'd on radiant glory's dazzling sphere,

(Rapt on by victor-fleetness, Booraq's might,^d)
 High o'er the empyrean vault upwing'd his flight.
 Yet forty circling spheres of being past,
 And childhood's genius cleaves to thee at last!
 All, all in lust and pride, ignobly spent,
 Nor suppliant breathing hast thou heaven-ward sent!
 Prop not thyself upon life's staff of guile,
 Nor rest secure of fate, nor fortune's glozing smile.

ON THE GLORY OF GENEROSITY^a

WHOE'ER my soul the feast of Bounty spreads,
 His name throughout this orb, a lustre sheds:
 Worlds of renown, the grateful theme proclaim,
 And sure Prosperity enshrines his name.
 No traffic, nobler in this busy sphere;
 'Than this bazaar, more crowded, none appear!

Sure fount of joy, of termless bliss to thee,
 Whose meed is radiant life's eternity !
 Thy fame, (cheer but yon heart thy generous store,)
 A full-voiced World,^b shall hail from shore to shore.
 Thence, constancy of love directing all,
 Bless like the Lord of life, each suppliant's call.
 Choice of those heaven-born sons, the amiable,
 With whom prosperity of good shall dwell !
 'Thou, o'er earth's realms, a peerless sovereign be,
 By gentleness and Liberality,
 'Till rapt to climes of bliss, the eternal year
 Thou wield that sceptre that thou wieldedst here !
 Choice of the sage, devote to bless mankind,
 'The lov'd profession of the truly kind ;—
 'The chemic test of meanness' base alloy ;
 Balm for each mortal pang, till grief be joy ;—
 Long as thou canst, check not thy noble aim,
 That thou mayst bear the ball,^c in Bounty's gener-
 ous game.

ON HUMILITY.

SHEDS Meekness o'er thy heart its chosen grace?
Then hail a friend in all thy fellow race!
Humility lights up the jewell'd brow,
As suns, o'er paler orbs their lustre throw.
'Thus, beings of fragile mould, of lowly clay,
Let graceful courtesy of gesture sway;
No gem like this, to grace the gentle mind,
Save true politeness, can the polish'd find.
Here, honor's blushing increase thou shalt see;
In Paradise, sublime futurity.
Submissive acts mankind in friendship blend,
And high his rank, who boasts a faithful friend.
To beings of habits meek, the humble heart
A dignified fruition shall impart;—
It is the key to radiant Paradise,
Promotion's ornament, and regal prize;
'Twill make thee precious in this world of strife;
Dear to all hearts, shalt thou be as the life!

Exalted thus, shall soar each private state,
 Thus grac'd the mighty chief of warrior fate!
 Oh, sweeter far to own this virtue mild,
 Than mourn in man the haughty passions wild!
 Choice of the truly sage, with heav'nly glow,
 That branch, fruit-laden, droops its graceful brow.
 No milder virtue towards thy subjects check,
 Nor hang the sword of vengeance o'er their neck!
 A jewell'd robe o'er grandeur, meekness throws;
 Yield not to menials then,^b a gem that richly
 glows.

IN REPROBATION OF PRIDE.

OF Pride, my son, beware! whose mighty thrall
 To headlong ruin hurls the airy fall;
 Whence loath'd by Wisdom, Arrogance shall stand
 A monster foreign to the sage's land,—

Whose haughty habits, (brood of ignorance,)
 Threat not, ungender'd in the pious glance.
 Thus Uzazeel,^a with ruin'd glories, fell
 To prison'd curses^b in a dungeon'd hell.
 This lust of innate fixedness, we see
 Image the brain diseased, with vanity ;
 Till, like some cank'ring shoot, life's rising source
 Blast the base scion, and its fruitage curse !
 Thus, sincethou own'st pride's fierce and guilty flame,
 Why sin, and dye thy cheek with triple shame ?

ON THE EXCELLENCE OF KNOWLEDGE.

THE sons of Adam scale Perfection's height
 From Wisdom, not parade, nor wealth, nor might !^a
 Through midnight gloom should the ray'd know-
 ledge glow,
 Till all the Deity thy breast o'erflow :

Whence, mirror'd with Prosperity, thy star,
 Through reason's choice shall shed her beams afar,
 Brightning the sage who scans the exhaustless lore,
 A throng'd Bazaar's imperishable store.

List the stern mandate, though with voice sublime,
 Invoke that ardent search, some stranger-clime ;^b
 For things divine and human 'twill embrace,
 And vest each plan with harmony of grace !

Learn nought ere this, the first yet saddening theme,
 "Man void of wisdom forms neglect's extreme."

Go!—grasp her robe of light, whilst ling'ring here,
 And she shall waft thee to a nobler sphere.

IN REPROBATION OF THE PARSIMONIOUS.

SHOULD the bright orbs that grace the circling year
 Wheel at the miser's nod their swift career,

And were Prosperity his Slave, with will
 To haste obsequious at his bidding, still
 Should his vast stores unshrinking treasures^a own,
 And worlds of life depend on him alone;—
 Were Fortune listed in his menial train,
 It boots him not such boundless pow'r to gain.
 Cement not friendship with the sordid great,
 Howe'er exalted by a name or state.—
 No! were the grovelling zealot lord of all
 That heave in ocean, grace the verdant ball,—
 His heart unsoothed, no tender joys may know,
 Unsmoothed the furrows of his faded brow.
 Boasts he an independence from that store? }
 No! for insatiate as the famish'd poor, }
 In wretchedness of wealth, he craves for more!^b }
 Not so the Liberal; he, in grateful part,
 Enjoys the fruits that flourish in his heart;
 Whilst o'er the sordid wretch in vile controul,
 His canker'd treasures feed upon the soul!^c

ON ASSOCIATING WITH THE IGNORANT.

ACT not, if sage and prudent, O my heart,
In league with Ignorance, thy nobler part ;
From idiot Folly, with an arrow's flight
Retire, for gloom can never dwell with light!^a
Were fiery dragon thy terrific mate,^b
Better than mingle with a fool thy fate.—
A mortal enmity, whose feuds ne'er end,
Better than ruin from a senseless friend.
Say, what more despicable earth's light hath found,
Than fools immersed in ignorance profound ?
Beware then of this vice; 'twere wise I wot,
Ere infamy and ruin crown thy lot.
From brutes like these, expect but actions vile,
To hear of sordid deed, and grovelling guile.
Such fatal errors point the downward road,
Whose paths from goodness lead, and ruin bode ;
Better such skulls should grace the gibbet's brow,^c
Than 'neath the curse of endless scorn to bow !

EULOGY ON JUSTICE.

SINCE that the Lord of heaven each suppliant sigh
 Hath crown'd with grace, exalt his praise on high.
 If Justice crown the vast imperial state,
 This virtue, as thy heart, be nobly great!
 Bas'd on this rock, thy shockless empire stands,
 Rear'd by the friendly might of Righteous hands!
 That distant monarch,^a whose unbending choice }
 Of Justice stern, bade the oppress'd rejoice, }
 E'en now, his name is hail'd with grateful voice. }
 Dwell in this globe thy claim's unbiass'd Right,
 And to thy lovers yield a pure delight!
 From thy deep impress win a nation's rest,
 And every subject's hopes in thee be blest.
 What nobler architect, in this our sphere,
 Than Justice? for in awful grandeur here,
 What loftier column doth its brow uprear?
 What prize at last, what gain so truly great,
 As Justice' self, to take thy name and state?

Wouldst thou, aspiring to a deathless fame,
 A lasting monument from virtue claim,
 List to thy people's woes, console the poor,
 And on oppression close the regal door.
 Withhold no kindness^b from thy subjects, Sire;
 The pray'r of Justice hear, and grant the heart's
 desire.

ON OPPRESSION.^a

As lovely gardens, wrecked by autumn's blast,
 Whirlwind Injustice o'er this earth hath past.
 Thus, should Oppression o'er all ranks incline,
 Thine empire's sun shall mourn a swift decline;
 For he who hurls its baleful fires on high,
 Wrings from the tribes of earth the avenging sigh.
 O'er feeble poverty, who bears fierce sway,
 Doubtless shall tread hell's dark and cheerless way;

Since hearts oppress'd, that sigh for liberty,
Spread wide the flames of strife o'er land and sea.
Yet pause at last ! and scan yon narrow grave,
Nor whelm the wretched with Oppression's wave.
Lend not thy soul to act the tyrant's part,
Slighting the sighings of a people's heart ;
Nor deal th' afflictive curse thy subjects dread,
Lest God's swift vengeance light upon thy head.

EULOGY ON CONTENTMENT.

If o'er thee here Contentment shed its ray,
Hail in the climes of rest a sceptred sway !
Should keen distress, from indigence enthrall,
Grieve not ; the truly sage heed not the call
Of wealth, and poverty owns no disgrace,
For e'en our holy seer, of noble race,

Gloried in this ;—grieve not if poor thy lot ;
 Taxless the beggar holds his humble cot.
 Wealth may adorn its care-worn, dazzled guest,
 Yet, ah, how sweet the peasant's tranquil rest ;
 Sov'reign content to ev'ry being is giv'n,
 Whose gentle horoscope foretels his heaven.
 With its bright rays illumine thy soul's dark shrine,
 As riseth o'er our sphere, the fount of light divine.

IN REPROBATION OF AVARICE.

POOR wretch ! ensnared by sordid Avarice,
 See drunk the insensate, from that gilded vice ;
 Wreck not a life then, o'er the golden guile,
 Since the mean prize, when gain'd, proves doubly
 vile.

For chain'd by glitt'ring links of bondage rife,
 Thou giv'st the winds the harvest of a life.

Yet, granted, an unshrinking, boundless mine,
 The boasted treasures of the spheres^a were thine,
 Thou must at last, embosom'd by the earth,
 Be levell'd with the wretched from their birth.
 Why toil'st thou then around this evil root,
 Doom'd suddenly to perish underfoot?
 Why thy poor life in sordid traffic pass,
 And stagger 'neath the burden as an ass?^b
 Or prowling as some wolf, in darkling gloom,
 Reck'st not the day that tells thy final doom?
 Thus o'er thy treasure hang with fond delight,
 'Till e'en thy wilder'd senses take their flight?
 Thus give thy soul up to the pictured lie,
 'Till e'en thy heart's become a second die?^c
 Let not that heart to joys so base be given,
 That thou, for earthly dreams, wouldst barter
 heaven.

ON PIETY AND DEVOTION.

WHO would in fortune win a changeless friend,
His heart's desires, his sighs, will heav'nward
tend ;
Nor from that gentle yoke will swerve aside,
Whose paths to riches, as to glory, guide.
A constancy of bliss, Devotion thine ;
The soul illumin'd by thy light divine !
For thee, thus strong in pray'r, the spirit's health,
Ope the vast portals of eternal wealth !
Swerves not the sage, from pure Devotion's shrine,
Whose power is mighty, as its Lord divine ;
Fix on creation's beam the adoring gaze,
Bow'd in the temple of extatic praise ;
With chastest temperance adorn the breast,
In blooming paradise a constant guest.
Thy heart's ablution^a in devotion's streams
Perform, lest doom'd ere dawn, to quenchless
flames ;

For hallowed truth exalt thy suppliant voice,
 Till her true riches bid thy heart rejoice.
 Thence rays of piety thy path invest,
 Till, like the blessed, thou be truly blest ;^b
 Thus, if observant of God's holy law,
 Thou wait'st the day of doom, with hope, though
 trembling awe.

ON SATAN AND SINNERS.

ALAS ! the wretch Satanic power may sway,
 Groans in the bounds of sin by night and day ;
 Who basely serves at that dark leader's nod,
 How shall he turn him to the path of God ?
 My heart beware ! shun thou each dreaded course,
 Or the next dawn shall sting thee with remorse.
 For whosoe'er be Satan's slavish guest,
 How shall hail the realms of endless rest ?

Break off thy crimes ! or be assured of this,
 The deepest dungeon of the deep abyss ^a
 Is thine :—the pure from ev'ry taint abstain,
 For honied sweets are lost from mingling rain. ^b
 Flies the blest saint would guilt its power resume,
 For brightest suns are veil'd by clouded gloom.
 Yield not thy step to lusts unbounded sway,
 Lest sudden hell receive thee as her prey ;
 Nor desert ruin makes life's temple fair
 With the wild torrent of fierce passions here.
 If distant thus from all-degrading vice,
 Oh, thou art near the bowers of rosy paradise.

ON DIVINE LOVE AND WINE.^a

GIVE me, fair youth, that goblet clothed with fire,
 Which swells the panting soul with chaste desire ;

Those ruby blushes in the chalic'd gold,
 Soul blest, like beauty's glowing lip unfold :
 Waters of life ! that vintage hither bear,
 Whose fragrant breathings waft the soul from care ;
 Fraught with rich blessings, as when angel grace
 Beams purest lustre o'er the lovely face.
 Sweet is that stream all hallowed by the blest,
 Sweet o'er the raptured soul th' o'erpow'ring zest.^b
 Blest are your chastened fires, ye Lord of love,
 Blest the delight of seraphim above !
 Dear is that heart which draws a blessing down
 By the soft bands of pure desire alone ;
 Who gaze enamour'd on that deathless friend
 All hail ! his palace, yours, whose realm shall
 never end !

EULOGY ON LOYALTY.

MY heart ! be sterling in thy loyalty,
 No coin more current issues from the die.
 Turn not from him whose lips its impress bear,
 Lest amid friends, thy cheek shame's livery wear.
 If thus from truth, unswerved the mental rein,^a
 Thou o'er a foe-man's heart a friend shalt reign.
 Oh change not as the rolling spheres of guile,
 Nor veil from friendship's cheek thy sun-warm smile,
 For were its sacred precincts overpast,
 'Twere bootless injury to friends at last.
 What guilt is his, who love entrusted guest,
 Severs the ties in fond affections breast ;
 Leave broken faith to woman's devious way,
 Nor falsely learn by her, from truth and love to stray.^b

THE EXCELLENCE OF GRATITUDE TO GOD.

INCREASE of peace and joy o'erflow thy soul,
From the full tide of grateful love's controul;
Thus point thine onward course 'mid blessing blest,
Until thou hail the gates of endless rest.
Oh breathe not unto heaven thy suppliant sighs,
'Till o'er thine altar this sweet incense rise ;
Thus, if unbound thy tongue to waft his praise,
Round thee shall wealth eternal shed its rays.
What stamps a loftier impress on the brow
Of rank, than gratitude's triumphant glow ?
Oh should in ceaseless thanks the souls aspire
Of all our race, till nature's laws expire :
For myriad blessings from the Lord of heaven,
Not one poor weak return to him were given.
Still should we strive to raise the grateful strain,
Whose accents sweet adorn religious train :
Fix on the Lord of life the adoring gaze,
Refresh'd through showers of gratitude and praise.

On virtue's garden, on religion's bow'r,
 The grateful dews, distil, and rear a lovely flower.

EULOGY ON TRUTH.

BLEST soul! if swerveless rectitude thy choice,
 In fortune's waneless sun shalt thou rejoice.
 Scorns not the sage unsullied Candour's claim,
 From whose pure form he hails a lofty name?
 For should her spotless charms within thee glow,
 Thou own'st a seraph spirit here below.
 Breathe not,^a till robed by her unsullied light,
 Whose victor ray unfolds both wrong and right.
 Still from the dawn her purest light adore,
 Till from dark seas of ignorance, the shore
 Thou hail; then, entering in that hour
 Her bloomy garden, cull that fadeless flow'r,
 The rose without a thorn,^b in virtue's bow'r.

IN REPROBATION OF FALSEHOOD.

SAY thou, who prone to falsehood's erring gloom,
How save thee on the day of final doom ?
What baser than the vile and slanderous tongue,
'That blights the fairest flower in virtue's throng ?
For who in hate, may wield that bitter foe,
Veils the pure light with which his heart would glow.
A lying tongue shall sting thy soul with shame,
And stamp its restless fever on thy frame.
Beware, my brother, list the counsel given,
And dread the thunders of the King of heaven ;
Derisive Scorn shall mock thy shameless face,
And ope the door of sorrow and disgrace.
The truly sage such reptiles have forsworn,
And pass the grov'ling beings in silent scorn.

DESCRIPTION OF PATIENCE.

IF meek eyed Patience as thy mate, be given
 On earth, be thine the eternal wealth of heaven!
 Shed o'er the pious sage thy sweet controul,
 Thou lov'd profession of the gentle soul.
 Thou op'st the door of life, supernal bliss;
 No other key may claim such pow'r as this.—
 Oh! it shall bless thy heart's desire,—thy will,
 Freed from life's thralldom by unerring skill.
 In every grade of life to patience yield,
 For in that theme what sterling sense conceal'd!
 Yes, it shall vest thee with prosperity,
 And from the pangs of care shall set thee free.
 That portal key that cheers the longing sight,
 Throws wide the regions of unbounded light:
 Thus, if Religion thine, this virtue win;
 For hot Impatience is the snare of sin.

ON DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

BEHOLD yon azure dome, the sapphire sky,
Rear in unpillar'd might its canopy !
That vast pavillion gemm'd with worlds of light
Whose circling glories boast a boundless flight,—
And as they roll, survey man's chequer'd state,
And scan the destinies of mortal fate.
Here the poor sentry takes his lonely stand,
There throned in state, a monarch rules a land ;
Here in the various grades of life, behold
Beggars for justice or th' imperial gold.^a
Here one in bootless toil breaks down his health,
There, whose vast treasury o'erflows with wealth ;
Here on a mat, reclin'd a harass'd frame,
There on a throne, who boasts the regal name.
Behold in clothing vile some take their stand,
While glow in silk the magnates of the land ;
This, in the wretchedness of want is found,—
To that, exhaustless treasures abound.

This, unsuccessful, blames his hapless fate,
 That, gains his heart's desire, with hope elate.
 One vigour braced,—one breathes the helpless sigh;
 One grey in years, and one in infancy.
 One in religion, one in crime we meet—
 One bow'd in prayer, one rob'd in dark deceit.
 This, wont to bless us ; that, too fiercely wrong ;
 This, meekly bows ; that, dares the battle throng ;
 This, Lord of dignity, an empire's throne ;
 That, in sin's bondage, heaves the hopeless groan ;
 Here is enjoyment ; there, imbitter'd pain ;
 Here, droops distress—there, soars unbounded gain.
 One, in the flow'ry garden of repose,
 Another, constant mate of countless woes ;
 This man, with riches' increase swells his store ;
 That, scarce can rear a famish'd offspring poor.
 See here, the lamp of gladness beaming bright ;
 There, sorrow turns the fairest day to night !
 Here, crowned brows—there, claim'd the tribute just ;
 This, rears his head ; that, prostrates in the dust.

Here gladness reigns supreme, and there is grief;
 Here boasts prosperity; there, needs relief;
 These, smiling as the rose from pleasures glow;
 Those, spirit wounded, deepest sorrows show.
 One breathes his soul in prayer and praise sublime,
 Another ends a hardened life in crime.
 By day and night, this reads the sacred book;
 That, drugg'd by wine, sleeps in yon tavern nook.
 One as a pillar in God's temple stands;
 Another joins the caffer's faithless bands.^b
 One blest with deeds of faith and charity!
 Another whelm'd in seas of infamy.
 One prudent, wise and polish'd here we find,
 Another senseless, and of brutish mind;
 Here, the bold hero dares the mortal strife,
 There, flies the coward trembling for his life;
 These, at the threshold of the living God;
 Those, throng the infidels' abandoned road.

ON THE INSTABILITY OF WORLDLY OBJECTS.



HENCEFORTH, trust not to fortune-chequered fate,
 Lest sudden doom attend life's transient state ;
 Trust not to empire, nor to grandeur's train,
 They all have perished, and must fade again !
 Lean not on countless hosts of martial pride,
 Whose victor waves oft feel an ebbing tide ;
 Distrust thy banner'd might, thine ample lands,
 For sudden fate may crush your gallant bands ;
 Confide not in a throne's imperial state,
 Lest death's swift firman, seal as swift a fate.
 Nor glad thy gaze with treasure or parade,
 Whose pride must vanish, and whose light must fade.
 Pursue not evil, lest thy hopes be vain,
 For golden fields spring not from worthless grain :
 Nor joy in station, nor the imperial grace,
 Since anxious fear oft trembles at its base.
 Many a sooltan whose vast empire stood,—
 Myriads of warriors o'er land and flood,

Many an arm which made whole squadrons reel,
And lion-hearts^a that carved their path with steel;—
Countless the forms in beauty's light array'd,
Whose sunny charms illumined bower and glade;—
Countless the happy beings in this our globe,
Rich in their blushes, as the bridal robe;—
Names of renown, entrench'd on fortune's brow,
And cheeks where living roses lov'd to glow;—
All, all^b have left thy robes life's sunny ray,
And veil'd their faded forms in mantling clay.
Thus here, my son, no changeless good, no rest;
Then trifle not with life, its passing guest,
Nor breathe insidious pleasures gale, that flows
Stealing from skies surcharged with myriad woes.
Thus, thus life's harvest floats upon the wind,
Nor leaves one mark of transient joy behind!
Oh love not then this captivating dome,
Where hearts unblest, for joy would vainly roam.
Love not a desert, frail, and tottering fane,
Which, void of good, o'erflows with grief and pain.

Here in life's garden tow'rs no tree on high,
Which 'scapes the stubborn axe of destiny.
Forget this spot, where thou no more must dwell,
Oh! hear the bard's last words, receive his last
farewell!^c

Such are the Ethics of one of the best writers that Persia has ever produced. Such generous feeling for the afflicted—such noble daring in the cause of truth and unbiassed justice, would almost exalt him to be the guardian penman of a free state: and we cannot help regretting, that such a man had not been favoured with a purer creed, and more dignified ritual, than those of Mahomet.



NOTES.

^a "In the name."—This sentence very generally heads Arabic and Persian compositions, as well in prose as in verse; and is the prefix to nearly every sooru or chapter in the Cooran.

^b "The fetter'd captives."—"Kumund," *کمند* in the original signifies a noose: and was a species of lasso, used in the antique warfare of Persia, for the purpose of dragging the warrior from his horse, or otherwise entangling, or securing him. The poet therefore represents mankind as "the prisoner of the noose of Passion," an expression too bold and oriental for the genius of our language.

^c "The lord of speech."—This Eastern periphrasis, is adopted to express the simple, though energetic original; (verbally) "as long as the tongue within the mouth, be place-possessing."

^d "Booraq's might."—As the reader may not perhaps be familiar with Mahomet's night-journey to heaven, on the animal named Al Booraq, it may not be irrelevant to give a sketch of this event, important as connected with Moslem theology. We are told that the prophet one night heard a knocking at his door, and that on opening it he found the angel Gabriel, with seventy pair of wings expanded, and the animal Al Booraq standing by his side. The angel desired Mahomet to mount; but having been unemployed from the time of Christ to that of the prophet, Booraq had become so mettlesome, that Mahomet could with difficulty seat himself. However, when firmly seated, he transported the prophet from Mecca to Jerusalem in the twinkling of an eye;—where, dismounting, they found a ladder of light ready fixed for them, by which they immediately ascended to the seventh heaven. His return was effected in the same manner. This expedition is

alluded to in the seventeenth chapter of the Cooran. The animal is styled by the Persians, براق سعادت مساق (Booraq i suáduť musaq) i. e. Booraq of the fortunate impulse.

PROSE TRANSLATION OF THE ORIGINAL.

Vouchsafe thy mercy to our (hapless) state !
 Since we are the captives of the snare of Passion ;
 Save thee, we have no other defender ;
 Thou art the Pardoner of our sins and the All-sufficient.
 Oh defend us from the paths of sin,
 Absolve us from our crimes, and teach us to live a spotless life.
 As long as this tongue within my mouth be place-possessing,
 The praise of Mahomet shall be dear to my heart ;
 The beloved of God ;—the noblest of prophets,
 Who was supported on the throne of his glory .
 Who, mounted on the victorious, high bred* Booraq,
 Passed over the palace of the azure vault.
 (Yet) forty years of thy precious life are past,
 And thy nature has not passed the state of childhood,
 Spending all thy time in lust and pride,
 Nor hast thou passed one moment in piety !
 Prop not thyself upon unstable life,
 Nor be secure of the sports of fortune.

* Literally, a light bay.

ON THE GLORY OF GENEROSITY.

* The Orientals lay a great stress upon this virtue : of Hatem Tæe, whose name has descended to them as a term for generosity itself, the following interesting events are recorded :—

The emperor of Constantinople having heard much of Hatem's liberality, resolved to make trial of it. For this purpose he dispatched a person from his court, to request a particular horse which he knew the Arabian prince valued above all his other possessions. The officer arrived at Hatem's abode in a dark tempestuous night, at a season when all the horses were at pasture in the meadows. He was received in a manner suitable to the dignity of the imperial envoy, and treated that night with the utmost hospitality. The next day the officer delivered to Hatem his message from the emperor: Hatem seemed concerned.—“ If,” said he, “ you had yesterday apprised me of your errand, I should instantly have complied with the emperor's request; but the horse he asks, is now no more; being surprised by your arrival, and having nothing else to regale you with, I ordered him to be killed and served up to you last night for supper.”* Hatem immediately ordered the finest horses to be brought, and begged the ambassador to present them to his master. The prince could not but admire this mark of Hatem's generosity, and owned that he truly merited the title of the most liberal among men.

It was the fate of Hatem to give umbrage to other monarchs. Numan, king of Yemen, conceived a violent jealousy against him, on account of his reputation, and thinking it easier to destroy than surpass him, the envious prince commissioned one of his sycophants to rid him of his rival. The courtier hastened to the desert where the Arabs were encamped. Discovering their tents at a distance, he reflected he had never seen Hatem, and was contriving means to obtain a knowledge of his person, without

* The Arabians prefer the flesh of horses to any other food.

exposing himself to suspicion. As he advanced, deep in meditation, he was accosted by a man of an amiable figure, who invited him to his tent: he accepted the invitation, and was charmed with the politeness of his reception. After a splendid repast, he offered to take leave, but the Arab requested him to prolong his visit. "Generous stranger," answered the officer, "I am confounded by your civilities, but an affair of the utmost importance obliges me to depart." "Might it be possible for you," replied the Arab, "to communicate to me this affair, which seems so much to interest you? You are a stranger in this place; if I can be of any assistance to you, freely command me." The courtier resolved to avail himself of the offer of his host, and accordingly imparted to him the commission he had received from Numan. "But how," continued he, "shall I, who have never seen Hatem, execute my orders? Bring me to the knowledge of him, and add this to your other favours." "I have promised you my service, answered the Arab; "behold, I am a slave to my word. Strike," said he, "uncovering his bosom; spill the blood of Hatem; and may my death gratify the wish of your prince, and procure you the reward you hope for. But the moments are precious; defer not the execution of your king's command, and depart with all possible expedition: the darkness will aid your escape from the revenge of my friends. If to-morrow you be found here, you are inevitably undone."

These words were a thunderbolt to the courtier. Struck with a sense of his crime, and the magnanimity of Hatem, he fell down on his knees, exclaiming, "God forbid that I should lay a sacrilegious hand upon you. Nothing shall ever urge me to such baseness." At these words he quitted the tent, and took the road again to Yemen. The cruel monarch, at the sight of his favourite demanding the head of Hatem, the officer gave him a faithful relation of what had passed. Numan in astonishment cried out, "It is with justice, O Hatem, that the world reveres you as a kind of divinity. Men, instigated by a sentiment of generosity, may bestow their whole fortune; but to sacrifice life, is an action above humanity."

After the decease of Hatem, the Arabs, over whom he presided refused to embrace Islamism ; for this disobedience, Mahomet condemned them all to death, except the daughter of Hatem, whom he spared on account of her father's memory. This generous woman, seeing the executioners ready to perform the cruel command, threw herself at the prophet's feet, and conjured him either to take away her life or pardon her countrymen. Mahomet, moved with such nobleness of sentiment, revoked the decree he had pronounced, and for the sake of Hatem's daughter, granted pardon to the whole tribe.

"Hatem was a poet also," observes Professor Carlyle ; "and an Arabian author, (quoted in Pococke's "Spec. Hist. Arab.") thus emphatically describes his character as an author and man of feeling :—

يشبه شعرة جوده و يصدق قوله فعله

"His poems expressed the charms of beneficence, and his practice evinced that he wrote from the heart."

^b "A full voiced world ;" a literal translation of the energetic compound, *پر آوازده* (poor-awazuh.)

^c "That thou mayst bear;" this is an allusion to the game called chowgong, performed on horseback. A goal is placed at each extremity of a plain, and each rider is provided with a stick curved at one end ; with which, stooping down (often when riding at full speed,) he endeavours to drive the ball beyond the goal : in some Persian paintings, the stick is represented somewhat in the form of a crutch. He who succeeds in his attempt, is said,

گوي بردن "gooe boordun"—"to bear off the ball :"—hence, metaphorically, "to gain the victory, to excel."

Suúdee observes in his Goolistan, "Since both the good and bad must expire, happy is that man, who bears off the ball of virtue.

ON HUMILITY.

b " 'Twill make thee precious : " this line and the following, are nearly literal translations.

c The original is, " Humility is an ornament to the neck of the exalted in rank ; but if the beggar practises humility, it is his : " thus paraphrased by Dr. Gilchrist :—

“ Let this reflection never once prove true,
That beggars are much better bred than you.”

The translator would apologize for the introduction of an extract from a MS. poem on this subject ; as it contains an idea somewhat analogous to Suúdee's :—

Lofty humility ! who dost enthrone
With nobler seat and brighter diadem
The crownless child of Adam, than the Lord
Of boundless realms and endless satrapy,—
In whose prolific paradise, of soil
Unearthly, blooms th' immortal tree, whose branch
Surcharged with fruit celestial, bows its head
Like to the forehead of the great in prayer,—
Give me to worship at thy potent shrine,
'Till from high communings, the muse aspire
To wing ethereal flight, and kindred flame
Dart down upon thy sacred altar, and
Accept the sacrifice devote to thee !

ON PRIDE.

^a “Uzazeel”—a name of Satan, otherwise styled Eblis. Eastern tradition tells us, that he was ordered with the other angels to worship Adam; he refused; as considering himself a being formed of fire, and man, of earth only; hence his expulsion from heaven. His original name is said to have been Harith, which signifies a guardian.

^b “Prisoned curses”—the translator has endeavoured to convey some idea of the energetic Orientalism “zindani luúnut”—prison of cursing.

ON THE EXCELLENCE OF KNOWLEDGE.

^a “The sons.”—These two lines are nearly literal translations.

^b “Invoke that ardent search”—Dr. Gilchrist observes on the original of this line, that had he not been biassed by preceding authorities, he should have conceived that the author meant, “besides, learning is more valuable than land.” The word پیش peesh, (before), in the original, certainly signifies precedence in rank, as well as in place. The reader will perceive that the usual version is here followed. Dr. Gilchrist also, so renders it in his Hindoostanee translation.

IN REPROBATION OF THE PARSIMONIOUS.

• “Unshrinking treasures”—in the original “the treasures of Caroon;” Caroon is the Cora of the Mosaic account; he is the Cræsus of the orientals. The following is extracted from Sale’s note on the 28th sooru or chap. of the Cooran .—

“The commentators represent him as the most beautiful of the Israelites; and so far surpassing them all in opulence, that the riches of Caroon have become a proverb. We are told that he built a large palace overlaid with gold, whose doors were of massy gold:—that he became so insolent because of his immense riches, as to raise a sedition against Moses. At length, on his falsely accusing that prophet, God, to whom he complained, directed him to command the earth to accomplish what he pleased and it should obey him. Whereupon he said, ‘*Oh earth swallow them up!*’ and that immediately the earth opened under Caroon and his confederates, and swallowed them up, with his palace and his riches. There is a tradition, that as Caroon sunk gradually into the ground, first to his knees, next to his waist, then to his neck, he cried out three several times, ‘*Oh Moses, have mercy on me!*’ but that Moses continued to say, ‘*Oh earth swallow them up!*’ till at last, he wholly disappeared. Upon which, God said to Moses, ‘*Thou hadst no mercy on Caroon, though he asked pardon of thee three times; but I would have had compassion on him, if he had asked pardon of me but once.*’”

• “In wretchedness.”—So exactly Don Juan de Arguijo,

“Mira al avaro, in sus riquezas pobre.”

“Behold the avaricious, poor amid his riches!”

• “Feed upon the soul.”—There is a strong poetic contrast and imagery, in supposing the liberal man to be feeding on the fruits of his wealth; (charitable deed); and on the contrary, the avaricious to be fed upon by the offspring of his; (a series of unabated care.)

ON ASSOCIATING WITH THE IGNORANT.

^a “ For gloom.”—This line is completely paraphrastic ; as our idiom would not bear the sense of the original so closely in connection with the foregoing line, viz.

“ Zi jahil goorezinduh choon teer bash,
Ne amikhtu choon shukur sheer bash.”

“ Fly from ignorance like an arrow,
Nor be mingled like milk and sugar.”

i. e. “ associate not with the evil, lest your sweetness of disposition and amiability be lost, as sugar fades from the sight, and is comparatively nullified by its admixture with milk.” We shall perceive a still greater propriety in this simile, when we consider that the Persians are particularly fond of sweetmeats.

^b “ Thy mate.”—Yari ghar یار غار—literally, the companion of the cave : i. e. an intimate or bosom friend.

^c “ The gibbet’s brow.”—In the original there is a sarcastic play, upon the words, سر چاهلان & سر دار suri jahilan, and suri dar, “ the head of the ignorant,” and “ the head of the gallows. Nizamee, speaking on this subject in his usual sententious way, says, “ Whoever has in him, the jewel of prudence, has power over every thing.”

EULOGY ON JUSTICE.

^a “That distant monarch.”—Nousheerwan. This prince is also styled by the native historians, Khosrou. He was cotemporary with Justinian, from whom he retook several important conquests. The oriental writers are full of this illustrious monarch’s praises; he is the Aristides of the East. Of the same prince, our author observes in his Goolistan,

“The name of the happy Nousheerwan still exists, from his virtues, though very many years have elapsed since his decease.”

^b “Withhold no kindness”—(riayut) from thy subjects (riyut) an elegant play of words in the original. On this subject Nizamee nobly observes,

“Justice is a lamp for thee, enlightening night;
It is to-day, a companion for thee to-morrow.”

ON OPPRESSION.

^a It has been but too often the custom, to accuse the Eastern writers of servility in style and language. The bold and energetic addresses of our author, are direct confutations of such sentiments. Throughout the whole of these pieces, there breathe a fearlessness and independence, not always found in European states. In the Goolistan, Suúdee is full of noble invective against tyranny.

▪ “Of the spheres.”—A paraphrase of, “the wealth of Caroon;” of whom we have before spoken.

♭ The Persians attach the same force to this term, in a sarcastic point of view, as the English *خر با تشدید* khuri ba tushdeed, “doubly an ass,” is equivalent to a twice dubbed fool.

♣ “A second die.”—In the original there is a forcible analogy between the sound and sense; thus versified by Dr. Gilchrist:—

“With sterling coin, why still so loath to part,
That each appears struck reeking from thy heart.”

EULOGY ON PIETY AND DEVOTION.

▪ “Thus strong.”—In the original, *اگر بندی میان* ugur bundee meeyan—if thou gird thy loins; if thou be fervently resolved. A phrase corresponding to the “accingere se operi,” of the Romans.

♭ “In devotion’s streams.”—The translator has endeavoured to convey some idea of the elegant orientalism *آب عبادت* abi ibadut, the waters of devotion:—an expression forcibly contrasted with the following,—

“Kih furda zi atish, shuvee roostgar.”

“That thou mayest be saved from the flames to-morrow.”

^c “Rays of piety.”—In the original, the “Lamp of piety” is the counterpart of that beautiful expression of the Psalmist,

“Thy word is a lamp unto my feet.”

So also Nizamee, in the opening of his “Sekandur namuh,”

“Thou illuminatest my mental vision,
Making the lamp of thy counsel my guide.”

ON SATAN AND SINNERS.

^a “The deepest dungeon.”—In the language of Suúdee, a very energetic expression, *انستل اسافلین* *usful isafuleen*—“the lower of the lowest,” so exactly Milton:—

“*And in the lowest deep, a lower deep*
Still threatning to devour me, open wide.”

^b The Persian is simple, though forcible—

For sugar is dissolved by water.

ON DIVINE LOVE AND WINE.

* The reader will not fail to recollect what has been said relative to the Soofee doctrines ; as this consideration will at once prove the allegorical tendency of this poem. This is, in fact, one of those odes which, though beautifully allusive to earthly loveliness, has no more connection with such a theme, than the glowing images in the Song of Solomon. (Vide p. 14, 15, and 16.)

† “ O’erpowering zest.”—In the original *زوق مستی* — “Zouq i mustee,” “zest of intoxication;” an expression too bold for our idiom, though the poet by this forcible image, represents the pious Soofee, as being overpowered by the rich fulness of love divine. So also, though perhaps actuated by an evil principle, the *ενθουσιασμος*, that spirit-inspiration of the Pythia, amongst the pagan Grecians.

EULOGY ON LOYALTY AND TRUTH.

† “ Leave broken faith.”—As Suúdee was so unfortunate in his choice of a companion, we can scarcely be surprised at this little burst of invective against the fair sex ;—such a sentiment is very rarely adopted by a Persian.

EULOGY ON TRUTH.

^a "Breathe not."—A literalism from the original, signifying, "speak not, enter not into conversation."

^b "The rose without a thorn."—Both Italians and English have freely made use of this orientalism, perhaps without being aware of their obligations.

IN REPROBATION OF FALSEHOOD.

^a "Veils the pure light."—The phraseology of the Eastern original is beautifully simple—

"Churaghi dilush nubashud furogb."
There is no light in the lamp of his heart.

ON DESTINY AND PROVIDENCE.

^a Throughout the whole of this piece, Suúdee has placed the various conditions of life in the most varied, yet forcible antitheses.

^b “Beggars for justice.”—The translator has endeavoured to preserve the peculiar contrast of the originals *باج خواد* and *داد خواد* *baj-kh'ah*, and *dad-kh'ah*, “justice-begging and tax-begging.”

^c “The caffer,” or unbeliever; literally “the path of the caffer-belted:” an allusion to the custom by which all, who were not Moslem, were obliged to wear a broad belt, as a distinguishing mark of difference of faith; but more particularly was this badge worn by the Fire worshippers and the Jews.

ON THE INSTABILITY OF WORLDLY OBJECTS.

^a “And Lion-hearts.”—The translator has endeavoured to give some idea of the energetic compounds in the original—literally,

Many fierce-heroes, army-breaking—

Many Lion-men, sword-smiting.

^b “All, all.”—The writings of Suúdee, as well in prose as verse, abound with beautiful reflections on the instability of fortune. There is a simple eloquence in representing the robes of life, as exchanged for those of clay. A literal translation of this passage is much more descriptive than the version in the text—viz.—

“Who have rent the robes of life,

And have withdrawn their heads, within the mantle of clay.”



THE

K H A N J G A R U H ;

A F R A G M E N T .



INTRODUCTION

TO

THE KHANJGARUH.

THE following tale, into which are introduced select Persian lyrics, (some of which have appeared with a verbal translation, very different from the spirit of the original,) does not confine itself exclusively to oriental imagery;—the reader will not therefore be surprised at occasional allusions to European and even national ideas.

بزرگان باده‌ها خوردند و رفتند
سخن را خود سرانجامی نماندست
وز آن نامه بجز نامی نماندست

“The men of genius have drunk the wines and are departed.

“Names have exhausted themselves, except one,

“And nointeresting tale remains unrecited (by my predecessors)”

JAMEE.

ALAS! poor child of Poesy,

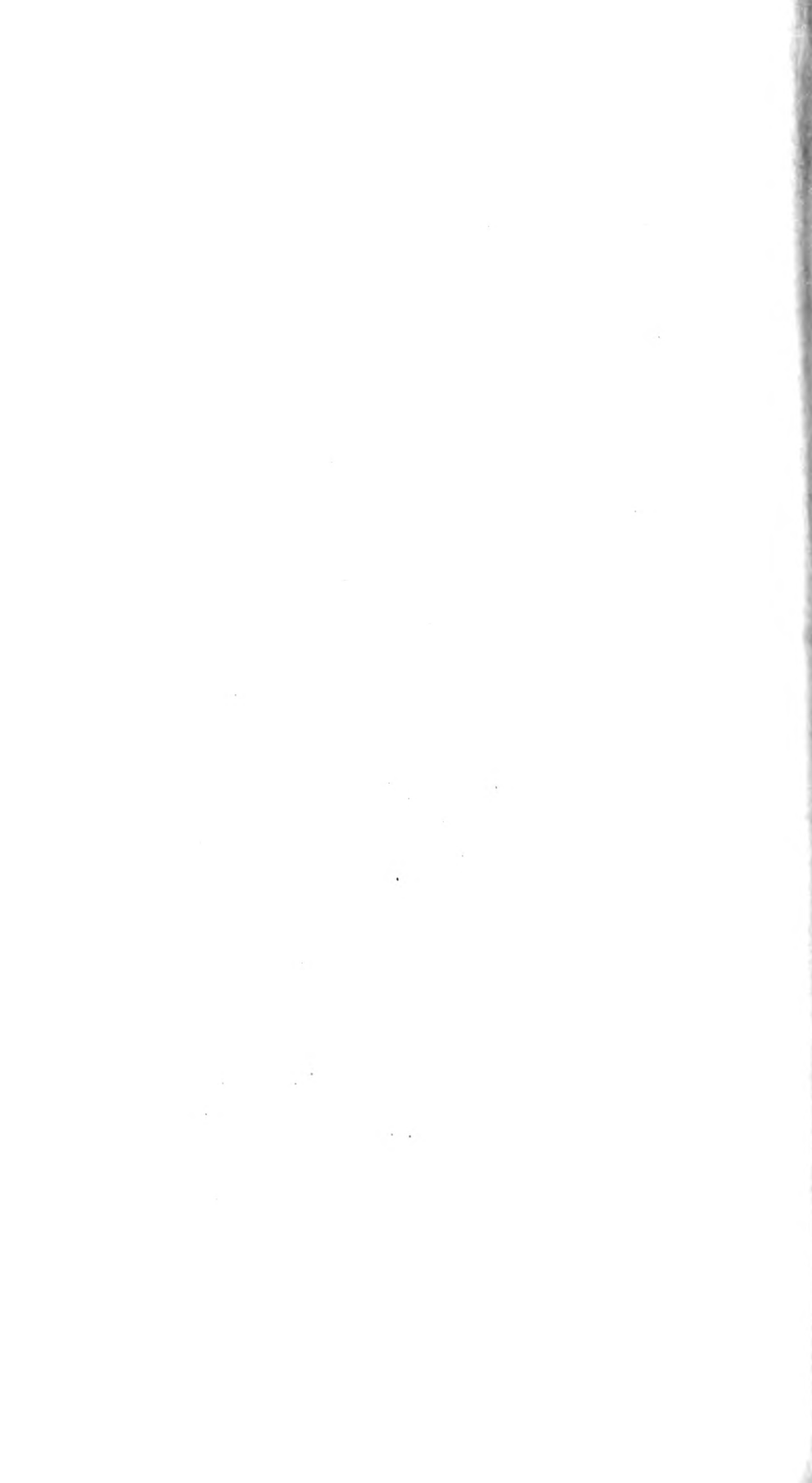
Young trembler!—that no pitying eye

Will deign to view with kindly ray

The sorrows of thine early day!

'Tis that thy princely sires of old,
 While feasting in their halls of gold,
 Have squander'd all thy jewelled store,
 And left thine orphanage so poor,
 That though a crown in name be thine,
 Gemless its bauble-form doth shine ;—
 For as thy bardic fathers, fell
 To deathless slumber, in the dell
 Of ages, o'er their laurell'd brow,
 They will'd their brightest gems to glow,
 Till the last jewel of the crown
 Hath from the regal orphan flown !
 —Where are the festive garlands, wove
 By thy fair hands, immortal Love,
 To breathe their fragrance o'er the lyre,
 Whence from thy touch, oh mighty sire,
 Well'd forth such royal harmony,
 That those rich strains may never die ?
 Oh, where the chords, that o'er the night
 Of time, shed music as the light !

Well, plunder'd of thine heritage,
Go, wander forth—thy tender age—
Thine high descent—thy tear-gem'd eye,
May win thee Pity's monarchy ;
Or take thy slender lute in hand
And wander to a foreign land.
Perchance, some “ pearl-blest orient shore”
May swell thine early treasure's store ;
That thou returned, once more mayst stand
In wealth of song, upon the land
That gave thy poet-sires their birth,
The noblest royalty on earth !



THE KHANJGARUH ;*

A

FRAGMENT .

'TWAS with the early breath of morn
That told of infant Nature, born
Once more to smiles, once more to strife,
Lighting or clouding varied life,
(The coloured flow'r of destiny
Fann'd into being too soon to die,)—
When that the rose with lips apart,
Expanded like the grateful heart,
To catch the liquid wealth, that fell
In pearly gifts ;—(each captive dell
With the rich ransom won from night,
In tears adored the King of light) ;

* The Khanjgaruh, like the old English minstrel, formerly roved with harp in hand, singing the national victories and traditions.

'Twas then thy charms, Shirazian maid,
 That lighted up each bower and glade,
 And bade thy maidens catch the joy
 That sparkled in thy glowing eye,—
 A heaven too faithful to deceive,
 Too pure, too bright, the soul to grieve,
 With but one cloud of sombre hue,
 Athwart its purity of blue ;—
 When that thy golden tresses, fraught
 With lustre, triple splendor caught,
 From the bright Lord of vision's ray,
 In glory rising o'er the day ;—
 'Twas then, that strayed that maiden fair
 In joyous wand'rings ; roving where
 Without thy walls, oh Shiraz, play
 The streams that quench an orient day ;
 And with their babb'ling music, tell
 Of joys long past, no more to dwell
 With man ; by-flown and lost for ever,
 In the full tide of time's swoln river !

Why didst thou, maiden, early rise ?
 Was it to mark the vassal skies,
 Spreading their vast ethereal plain,
 O'er which the Lord of light should reign
 In checkless might, 'till o'er the world
 His blood-red banner were unfurled ?
 Or was it that thou lov'dst to hear
 The Boolbool chaunt his early prayer
 Of love's undying constancy,
 In strains so sweet as he would die, ^a
 To the sweet rose, his blushing bride,
 With sister-blossoms by her side ?
 (From beauty-courting-music here,
 Oh guard your bosoms lovely fair !)
 Was it for this, that in thy dress
 Of nature's purest loveliness,
 Thy footsteps at morn's early prime
 To thy heart's melody kept time ?—
 Ah, no ! they are not these that move
 Thy gentle limbs so soon to rove ;

So soon to quit Oblivion's bower,
 That shelter'd late so sweet a flower
 I know thy heart, I know its prayer,
 Go find thy gentle lover, where
 Yon purely pallid Jasmine, throws
 Her fainting beauty o'er the rose ;
 For that she vies in perfume sweet,
 With her rich regal sister's state ;
 But droops to see herself outdone,
 In the ripe bloom she gazed upon.
 There thou wilt find him ; for 'tis he
 Love's mariner devote to thee ;
 Who gazing on yon azure sea,
 Where floats night's silver skiff above
 (Freighted too oft by phantom-love,)
 Waits till those fleecy clouds, her sail,
 Both twin born time and space shall veil ;
 And till the giant king of day
 Be throued in orient tyranny.
 And he hath watched,—that gentle youth,—

And morn shall bless his swerveless truth ;
 For well his eyes have marked each gem
 That glitters in night's diadem ;
 And he, thus faithful to her crown,
 Hath richly earned a gem, his own ;—
 That maiden sweet, whom he shall wear
 Upon a panting bosom dear.

* * * * *

On to our muse—for while she sings,
 Time mocks her with his flaunting wings,
 And he, a pilf'ring bird, hath won
 The golden fruits she fed upon.
 On to our tale—the youth is blest ;—
 By that full word, thou know'st the rest.
 The first sweet glance,—too fondly sad,
 To picture what the tongue styles “ glad ;”—
 For that it tells th' o'erflowing heart,
 'To meet, is to begin to part ;—
 'Tis, as the first and last were there,
 Affection mingled with despair ;

A light wherein sweet passions rove,
All moulded into speechless love !
The first soul-thrillings—and the first
Deep tones of bliss, that trembling burst
From that wild instrument, the heart,—
(Sweetest, untuned by human art ;
Anon it preludes hope and joy,
When finger'd by the Paphian boy ;
Anon in cadences, divine,
It wakes the strain of “ Auld Lang Syne ;”
Till fill such sounds unborn to die,
The magic dome of memory.)—
These joys are past, and with them flown
The hour that made that bliss their own ;
Nor longer canst thou fair, in sooth,
In fondness o'er that gallant youth,
Hang with delight, and looks that tell
That there thy treasury doth dwell.
For see, the warrior-fire on high
Hath sealed the barriers of the sky,

Bidding that bird of love depart,
And nestle in a father's heart.
For to a sire belov'd, Shireen
The solace of his days had been ;
Since stricken by the steel of death,
He watched a fond mate's latest breath,
As her last glances turned on him,
To life and love for ever dim.
Since that dark hour, the summer tide
Hath nine times deck'd the rose his bride ;
And she, that scion of their love,
The fairest plant in Beauty's grove,
Hath like the flower, such sweetness won
From the pure breeze and glowing sun,
That thou wouldst pause in wonder there,
To view an earth-sprung form, so fair !
Mysterious nature ! that thy trace,
Its magic pencil, o'er the face .
Of youth and age alike shouldst draw
So true, man cannot find a flaw ;

And that, as early vigour burns,
 The father in the son, returns.
 Thus, all thy works of loftier mould
 Have still this truth unshaken told,
 With voice that scorns the trumpet-call,
 The Great Unseen, is Sire of all.
 'Twas faintly thus, in loveliness,
 (The earliest parent-beauty's dress,)
 The daughter's form in graces rife,
 Once more the mother called to life.
 The ghoonchuh* and the bright muntoort†
 Spread o'er her cheek their summer lure ;
 While throned in cirque, the golden hair
 Richly enchased her temples fair ;
 Whence central, an unsullied brow
 In spotless purity, did woo
 With smiles, as doth the polished glass
 The eye, before its light to pass.
 She was all gladness, love, and youth,
 The mortal prototype of truth.

* Rose bud.

† The White Violet.

Her stature such, the captive gaze,
Followed with pleasure, to the maze,
Which love before its shadow cast,
And viewed her, as she were the last
Of beauty's children left on earth,
All mortal, save that heavenly birth!
Her glance, blue summer even's sky,
'Neath which the weary heart would lie,
Its woes forgot beneath that ray,
'Till glowed the sunny cheek of day.
Sprang from her heart each warbled word,
As springs from fruit or flower, the bird
Whose grateful minstrelsy, the ear
Charms with its cadence sweet and clear.
Sprang from her heart, (as springs some flower,
The breathing fulness of the bower,)
Each lovely act; as from a soil
Whose richness asks no human toil;
Thus beauty shed like hallowed ground,
Music and fragrance all around.

Her's too a glance, (from which in sooth
 Spoke all that purity of truth,)
 That had its parent-thought been sinning,
 The child's sincerity were winning.
 Oh, thou the eye dost speak full well,
 What the weak tongue may never tell ;
 That Pharisee, his phrase exact
 May boast, 'tis thine to act !

* * * * *

No marvel, then, if that fair maid
 Should fearless tempt the flowery glade,
 Where from the haunts of maddening strife,
 Rov'd the rich blessing of her life,
 In fond anxiety to gain
 Full solace for a world of pain.
 And oh ! that meeting was as sweet
 As were the envious moments fleet ;
 For e'en that transient hour had shed
 Its myriad blessings on his head :
 Blessings which hardy time outlast ;—
 Still, still the *present*,—ne'er the *past*.

What thoughts were his in that brief space,
 That, gazing on her happy face,
 Fond memory's vision-form could roam
 From her, unto his childhood's home ?
 Strange that a little point of time
 Can waft us to a distant clime :
 That in an instant life can pass
 Before the mind her mirror'd glass !
 But ah, how soon the smiling token
 By the iron hand of Time is broken ;
 It's shiver'd splendors, only left
 To show us 'twas a precious gift !
 Whate'er his thoughts hath well nigh past
 That hour the goal of love—the last.

* * * * * * *
 * * * * * * *

Bless thee once more, e'er I can part,
 Yet—tear thee from this bursting heart.
 Yet stay—each pulse will have me tell
 The fond tale that I love too well.

Thou know'st indeed, dear youth, I wot,
 Yon Sumun-bower,* joy-hallow'd spot,
 There all our bright and festive throng
 Shall dance its waving shades among,
 Soon as throughout the fervid skies
 The sun's all-powerful splendour dies.
 There, dearest youth, if thine the art
 (Unlike thyself) to act a part,
 Beneath yon myrtle, thou wilt find
 A minstrel's guise;—thou know'st my mind.
 Farewell—may Allah bless thy step,
 And in the paths of fortune keep!
 —Farewell, sweet maid—I falter not
 To meet thee at the promis'd spot.
 Light of my eyes! whilst thou art there,
 Within this breast, there dwells not fear
 That in this garb, their glances keen
 Should ken the idol of Shireen.
 No! 'tis for thee, my kin, my tribe—
 All, all that warrior-life could bribe,

* Jasmine.

Are reckless, swallow'd up in one
 Deep passion, that o'er all hath won
 Resistless sway ; as streamlets that divide,
 Then roll before one mighty tide ;
 And Allah knows in exile here,
 No kindred's biting taunts I fear.
 They may repent—may wish undone
 The wrongs, that drove me forth alone,
 To herd with those who once, this life,
 Sought in the feud of mortal strife.
 'Tis done—I murmur not that fate
 Hath blest me with so sweet a mate.
 May Khezar* guard thy lovely head—
 One last embrace—our hour hath sped.

* * * * *

* * * * *

But time sails swiftly on the wing,
 'Tis sun-set, and the giant king,
 Lord of the truceless victor-war,
 Who rush'd to conquest from afar,

* The prophet Solomon.

Doth quit the vast diurnal fight,
Wearied with smiting; and with light
As carnage glutted, on yon shore
All dripping red from battle gore,
In awful majesty alone,
Doth plunge him from his sapphire throne
Into the deep blue evening flood,
And turns it purpling into blood.
Yet such the brightness of that ocean,
Ere fades its blushing tint,—your motion
Night's marshall'd vassals, still is slow,
From his high realms, to these below.
And he your king that warr'd on high
Encas'd in gorgeous panoply,
Doth scornful mock your idle shields,
And fire-tipp'd spears, as o'er the fields
Of space they shed their serried light
Full on your gloomy banner, night.

Still 'twas in sooth a lovely hour,
Whose brightness glow'd with chasten'd power,

Although day's fervid heat had fled,
 And left a mildness in it's stead ;
 Such as might tempt the panting maid
 To rove amid the flower-kiss'd glade,
 And hail the sweetness of a scene
 Where she alone is beauty's queen.
 'Twas at this hour that nature saw,
 Clothing thy verdure, Dil Goosha,*
 The Soohbut ; †—with its joyous throng
 Sporting those rosy bowers among ;
 All colder feelings were forgot
 Amid the magic of that spot ;—
 Each statelier costume, thrown aside
 Before that bower, a beauteous bride.
 'Twas at this sweet and melting hour,
 The maid of Shiraz, in that bower
 Was circled by a joyous band,
 The warrior-beauty of the land,

* The name of the pleasure gardens outside of Shiraz.

† A social party of pleasure.

With many a bright and lovely maid
Whose lengthen'd locks of golden braid
Flow'd to the earth in sunny light,
Dazzling at once the heart and sight.
Or garlanded with choicest wreath
Of hyacinth and roses' breath,
Flashing with many a sparkling gem
Their fancy's mimic diadem.
Some with the glancing bosom white,
And polish'd limbs that court the light,
Struck o'er the warm, but dizzy heart,
Nor left it thence the power to part;
Or if it could, with ling'ring sighs
It drew existence through the eyes!

Some wander'd on through myrtle bowers,
And summer-grot, and chrystal towers;—
One lovely girl, with cheek all flush'd,
And panting bosom, swiftly rush'd
Along the golden orange row,
Her raven tresses streaming low;

Whilst fleet in chase as beam of light,
A blue eyed girl, pursu'd her flight
Through waving grove and flowery dell,
Bloom'd with the golden asphodel,
Till they recline their panting charms,
Then melt into each other's arms.
Thus fled on the sportive hour,
Till summon'd to that lady's bower,
Where all the charms of nature meet,
By kesubus and zurna sweet,
They hasten'd to that spot of mirth,
To them, the sweetest upon earth !
The Khanjgaruh was thron'd on high,
In lofty state of minstrelsy ;
His flower-crown'd brows shed o'er the feast
The rosy lustre of the east ;
Whilst from his lute, in careless pride,
Sweet garlands wav'd, as from a bride
Whom he had early wooed, and won,
To bless him with her sweetest song.

Full well thy glowing eye in sooth,
Might tell the list'ners, gentle youth,
That warrior-fires, beneath that vest,
Glow'd in the mansion of thy breast ;
But that thy tongue's soft music, broke
The spell ; and while its warblings spoke
Of Hope, time-faded, and the glow
Of joy's fleet summer skies,—the flow
Of life along its flower-clad bank,—
The thirsty ear that music drank,
Till o'er each sense, such magic stole,
That all enthrall'd, the wondering soul,
O'er which was such enchantment thrown,
Deem'd war and gentleness were one.
Such sweetness shed, o'er that high form,
The plaintiveness of music's charm,
That scarce the minstrel had surceas'd
From that blest strain, which dying, ceas'd
To hold all hearts like linked hands
Join'd in sweet friendship, or the bands

Of silken pleasure and of love,
 Bidding their pulses cease to rove
 From that high throne, where music shed
 Her crowned triumphs o'er his head,—
 Ere all in earnest accent pray,
 That he but one—one final lay,
 To soothe them with its plaintive flow,
 Would on the raptur'd throng bestow.

The Mootrib* spoke the listening chords,
 Who, trembling caught their Prince's words;
 Trembling, but with extatic pleasure,
 To wander through the magic measure,—
 Trembling with joy, that they might tell
 They lov'd their princely Lord full well.
 Then o'er the tranced silence, stole
 These plaintive warblings of his soul.

“Lingering in hopeless day-dreams here,†
 Of vision'd pleasures, maddening strife,

* Minstrel.

† From the poems of Anvaree.

Unblest by thee, the fond—the dear—
 How could I close this wretched life?
 Of thee bereft, in cheerless flight,
 Day circles as the gloomy night.

“ No pearly drops, the joyless day
 Veil from these orbs of faded grief,
 But liquid rubies o'er their ray,
 Wring from their channels mad relief;
 Whilst my lorn heart, by sorrow riven,
 Is scatter'd as by blasts of heaven !

“ On blissful cheer of gladness fed,
 Thou bloomest, angel as thou art !
 Whilst torn from thee—my hopes all dead,
 I banquet on a bleeding heart.
 Yet, if such woes the spheres ordain,
 Grieve not, my soul, at that sweet pain !”

He paus'd ; and lo, the blooming throng,
 Entranced by the minstrel's song,

All circling him, as with a zone
 Of gems, round manly beauty thrown,
 By the flush'd lip their joy bespake,
 Nor dared the listening silence break ;
 Save that the echoes of the heart,
 Repeated oft their rapturous part.

But see, the minstrel from his throne,
 In act all graceful, bends him down,
 And tends the ood* to that bright band
 That circling in his presence stand ;
 'The noblest forms and fairest, they,
 'That own the might of Shiraz' sway ;
 'Tis lofty Daring, blending there,
 With timid Beauty, softly fair ;
 Valour and loveliness combin'd,
 Like Roostum to Zohara join'd.†

A youth stepp'd forth, with doubtful glance,
 As conscious that on his advance,

* More properly, the Arabian name for the Lute.

† Roostum and Zohara, are the Hercules and Venus of the east

All eyes would scan, with keen regard,
The young competitor, who dared
To vie with beauty's harmony, combin'd
With richer music of the mind—
He takes the lyre with graceful gest,
As from a master he confest
Superior in the wondrous art,
That fires or soothes the human heart.
Then o'er the chords his fingers flew,
And from the sweet-voic'd kindred, drew
A prelude full and rich, that showed
The thoughts that in his bosom glowed.
They told of ripened nature's charms,
Cloth'd in her thousand lovely forms;
Half dash'd with archness too, they told
Of love grown blind, and youth turn'd old.
Thus lay sweet music in his breast,
Like dreaming Beauty half confest,
'Till the attendant-chords had spoke,
And thus the joy-flushed maiden woke.

“ HAIL to the purple shower,
 That streaming from yon bower,
 Bids the rich vintage emulate its glow!

Oh ! say, what joys so sweet,
 To charm the moments fleet ?

Ah ! dream not future hours shall bless you so ;
 Life's treasured joys that here would dwell,
 Like richest pearls, must quit their cell.

“ Alas ! for wild'ring love,
 'Tis such a mazy grove,—

The faithful heart's oft lost, the careless blest !
 Come, study then with me,
 That I may quickly see

You tear your books ; here worthless at the best.
 Your sapient tomes, can ne'er impart
 A science written on the heart !

“ Would'st thou a heart to prize—
 A form to fix thine eyes ?

Oh, own in lovely woman both how sweet !

Who, robed in beauty's light,

Asks not the jewel bright.

But haste!—and with me seize the moments fleet;

And let us quaff, in spite of time,

You vintage of celestial clime.

“ Heavens ! in this happy breast,

Dwells, (oh ! how truly blest,)

A lovelier idol than e'er temple shrin'd !

Oh, then remember me,

In spirit bowed to thee !

Yes ! by thy radiance o'er this dazzled mind,

The god of day, in splendor warm,

Mates not in lustre with thy form.

“ And oh, let gratitude

Attend on every good,

Whilst in the garden glows the purple bowl;

All hail, you blushing store

Of roses, soon no more !

Then fill yon golden vase, and cheer the soul;
And now adieu—no kindred mind
With Hafiz' strains one fault will find!"

He paused; yet Beauty's glowing cheek
Still for the minstrel seemed to speak,
And plead as with a sister's power
For yet one favor, in the hour
When life's young spring-tide just beginning,
Her kindred fondness is most winning.

Yet swayed not Beauty's tempting suit,
The graceful mootrib; who, the lute,
With modest gest, yet mantling brow,
From pleasure's animating glow,
Hath tended to a youth, whose eyes
Glanced on its form as on a prize;
Some gem long hidden from the sun,
At length by joy-crowned searching won.
His raven locks fell o'er a brow,
Whence as a fountain, seemed to flow

The streams of light, so dazzling pure
That mortal orb might scarce endure ;
Or, like the silvery maiden's light,
Pure from her cloud-tress of the night,
The eye did fondly turn on him,
And wish that light would ne'er grow dim.
Pale Sumun glittered in his hair,
Like pearl-crowned Hope, with dark Despair :
His starry eyes all watchful, burning
For those bright forms, that to him turning
Did worship their unbounded sway,
As Guebres do the God of day.
(But ah ! fair eyes, like stars, are born
Not to be worshipped, but to warn !)
No roses did the maidens seek,
Save those that glowing on his cheek,
Told that the nightingale of song,^b
Would pour his sweetest note ere long ;
And soon, in sooth, this tale he told,
How Love, like Time, may ne'er grow old.

SONG OF GELLALADDBEN.

“TELL me, fond youth,” a maiden said,
 Thou who in stranger-climes hast roved,
 Lov’d of my heart! where’er thou’st stray’d
 What spot of all is most beloved?

“That spot,” sighed he, “is doubly blest,”
 Where dwells the fondest, and the best!

“Though curbed in subtlest point of space
 That e’er by mortal orb was found,
 Smile but that Fairy queen of grace,
 Vast plains of verdure wave around.

Yes! let the moon of Beauty shine*
 O’er yawning depth, ’tis light divine!

“Fair Rose of love! in dungeon gloom,
 Though darkest fates around us lower,
 Press’d to this bosom, wouldst thou bloom
 As sweet as in yon blushing bower.

* An allusion to Joseph, who, from his extreme beauty, was styled “the Moon of Canaan.”

With thee, fond soul, to bless these eyes,
The realms of woe, were Paradise !”

He ceased ; and every maiden cheek
Seem'd gifted with the power to speak
In ruddiest characters apart,
The very language of the heart.
And whilst on these the minstrel gazed,
Each pulse throbb'd high, and flashing,
blazed
The eye that saw, yet fain would die,
In such a joyous misery.—
—Then to the wond'ring life-warm'd throug
(Yet group'd by magic breath of song
To listening statuary), there rose
An aged Shykh ; and though the snows
Of ages rested on his head,
No rose-bowers of his heart were dead ;—
And when his silvery accents broke
Silence, the music-tranced awoke.

His glowing cheek and sparkling eye,
Told how he blest the minstrelsy
That wafted him, in spite of time,
To the lov'd beauties of a clime,
Where his young footsteps lov'd to rove
The natal soil of early love.
In form he was Benevolence,
And his warm heart, a sunbeam, (whence
The chill of wintry age dispell'd,)
Young joy to budding verdure swell'd.
A power reign'd in that gentle tone
As of a sovereign on his throne ;
For whilst in mild captivity,
The vanquish'd chieftain-passions sigh,
To feel their liberty enthrall'd
By victor gentleness, that call'd
Them to submit to that mild sway,
They lov'd too well to disobey.—
—He told of many a distant scene
In stranger-climes where he had been ;

Of marvel both by land and flood—
 Of verdant vallies, dew'd with blood
 By the wild passions of a lord,
 Who, lovely nature had ador'd,
 When, as with first love's conscious pride
 He gaz'd on her as on a bride.
 —He told, how Tubbut's brow, height-dim,^c
 ('Neath which the monster billows swim,
 Rearing their gorge-throats to the sun,
 As some rich prey they gaped upon,)
 Poured forth the vocal dissonance
 On its wild crest; where raging dance
 The fiend-fires, till the ocean's might
 Speak them away to primal night.—
 Anon, he quits the darkling flood,
 And sportive, tells in archer mood,
 How nasal-trumpeted, the lawn
 Your well veil'd forms, Goolim Goshan*

* The Goolim Goshan, are a race of men whose ears are so large, that one of them serves for a mattress, the other for a counterpane.

Viewed with amaze, that ye had lain
 'Neath such a handsome counterpane.
 —Hints how the stranger Nazarene,*
 In Jaboolsa,† where he had been,
 Told of Shah Midas' ear-crown'd bliss,
 No coverlid compared to this.—
 Then next, the wondrous tale he weaves,
 How Suduh's^d festal night receives
 Its fire-memorial-blazon'd tome,
 True as the annual circles come :
 Recording marvel-deeds of might
 By Hoshang ; when to deadly fight
 He dar'd the dragon ; whom he slew
 By deed as simply strange, as true.
 Anon he sings with meaning smile,
 The story of the wondrous isle,
 Where, height-astounding from below,
 The Waqwaq^e rears his ample brow ;

* The Eastern name for an inhabitant of Christendom.

† The West.

How hang his leaf-shields of sea green,
 Fencing the skull-form'd fruits, where seen
 Are the mock'd features of our race,
 Though far less tempting in their grace.
 How, when its tress salutes the ground,
 There issues forth a plaintive sound.—
 —The Neemtun^f next his strictures see,
 A duplicate mortality ;
 Sad puzzle-forms, both loss and gain,
 Who lightly flit o'er hill and plain.—

* * * * *

He paus'd, and at his kind behest,
 Stepp'd forth a youth, through whose warm
 breast

The early tide of love was flowing,
 Like the first streamlet, o'er the glowing
 And arid waste, in silence still ;
 Unvoiced before by that sweet rill,
 Whence o'er the soil its parent-flow
 Bids countless flowret-children grow.

Then to the Chunk's melodious strain
 He thus rehearsed love's youthful pain.

GHUZUL OF JAMEE.

“THESE silken-curtain'd orbs while sleeping,
 But my good angel vigil keeping,
 The night—the live-long night
 'Thine angel-form of light
 Imaged my happy soul!

“That warbling melody, sweet singing,
 O'er my rapt soul still ringing,—
 Heavens! in that blissful dream,
 How flow'd the honied stream
 O'er thy dear lips!—ah! deem
 Not my poor mem'ry, dying,
 Could grasp those blessings flying;
 Though till the dawn, through night,
 I strove to check their flight,
 Those accents sweet are gone.

“ Yes ! to these eyes the day seems clouded,
And brightest suns themselves are shrouded,
Till graced by beauty’s dress
Thine own sweet loveliness.
Thrice blest the day, that raising
These eyes which raptur’d gazing,
Beheld thy lovely face
Profuse of angel grace !

“ Eyes ! from such grateful pleasures glowing,
Long be ye blest ! your rays bestowing
Upon her form of beauty rife,
For whom, hath pass’d this waking life,
In fond anxiety.”

His lips are mute—but still the sound
Of the rich melody, yon hills rebound
In loving echo to the plains ;
Where, o’er their festive boweret, reigns
The genius of a minstrelsy,
Too pure and spirit-like to die.

We love to mark light echo rove,
 'Tis Beauty hasting after Love ;
 Or likest, as they chace each other,
 Sweet sisters sporting with a brother ;
 His step though firm, more fleet in flight ;
 They follow him with footfall light,
 But ne'er o'ertake though swift in sooth,
 The wanderings of that first born youth.
 Yet scarce those sounds had died away
 In liquid notes of softest sway,
 Ere rose a wild and plaintive note
 From heart-strings as by sorrow smote ;
 Or like the chords, to which the wind
 Has sighed a tale of griefs ;—the mind,
 As its last murmuring sweetness dies,
 Melts with its soul of sympathies.
 The minstrel rose—all pale his brow
 From sorrow's maddening torrent-flow.
 True he was young—yet, in one hour,
 Down the ravine of life, did pour

Such floods of grief, they swept away
 The verdure of his spring-tide day.
 That cheek, that brow, so deadly pale,
 Told but too true the bitter tale,
 That blanched as by the spirit-storm
 That animates the ocean's form,
 Like to its wave-lashed bosom white,
 His pallid brow broke o'er the sight ;
 Then, as grief's billows o'er him roll,
 Thus murmurs forth his drooping soul.

GHUZUL OF KHOSROO.

“ PROSTRATE before thy door I fall
 Each night, in agony of soul,—
 Each day condemned to hopeless thrall,
 I mourn in sighs thy loved controul.

“ Forget not then this broken heart
 That still loves on in dark despair,
 Deems it an age, since torn apart
 From all of life it held most dear.

“ Yes !—when the latest ling’ring breath
 Shall melt to dust this tottering frame,
 A faithful heart unmoved by death,
 In wounds shall bless thy cherished name !”

And hath he paused, and can it be,
 That we with such sweet minstrelsy,
 Should lose the form whose noble brow
 Beam’d with a last and transient glow ?
 So, mute, and bending o’er the charms
 Of faded beauty in our arms,
 We grieve to find the spirit flown
 From what we loved to gaze upon.
 Oh life ! thy fairest blossoms, blow
 Over time’s torrent ; whose fierce flow,
 (When the wild blasts of anguish, tear
 From their sire’s arms those children fair,)
 Sweeps them more fierce than tempest breath
 Into the gloomy vale of death.

* * * * *

But list ;—a voice is on the air
 Of summer tide, so sweet and clear,
 That the soft Badzeen's* gentle sigh
 To his night-love, the listening Ny,†
 Hath calmed its whispering tale, that he
 Might list to that sweet minstrelsy.

GHUZUL OF HAFIZ.

“ YON rose bowers, blushing stand,
 The Mootrib is at hand,
 And the rich vintage flashes in the bowl.
 Yet what their glowing charms,
 ’Till to these longing arms
 Hastes the dear nymph that reigns within my soul!
 Say where art thou my angel fair,
 Oh haste and snatch me from despair.

“ Why beats so heavily
 A heart that joys in thee,
 Whilst in the gloomy circle of the grave?—

* The Zephyr.

† The Reed.

Show me the path to joy,
 Where, with unmixed alloy,
 The blushing vintage spreads its purple wave ;
 Tell me, ye youths and maidens, tell,
 Where is my lovely infidel ?

“ Oh ! wert thou, fair one, mine,
 Thy bard should not repine
 At the wild blasts that strip life's fragrant bower.
 Alas ! where richly glows
 The full-flushed peerless rose,
 In regal beauty over every flower
 That drinks the fragrance of the morn,
 Blooms she without her taunting thorn ?”

* * * * *

Thus music shed her charms around,
 Making of earth some hallowed ground,
 Round which its spirit-beauty, roved
 In guardianship of what it loved.

—And now the gilded spheres on high,
 With their rich clusterings tempt the eye;
 Those golden blushings of a tree
 Which branches in immensity,
 And with its glowing hangings bright,
 Feasts the vast regions of the night ;
 Till rock'd by Time's expiring force
 In his last struggle murmuring hoarse,
 That vision-food of spirits fair
 Shall fall, then melt to formless air.
 Yet list!—again the brightening theme
 Of the Kumanchu, like a beam,
 Sheds o'er the gloomy maiden Night
 Its grateful soothings ; as young Light
 Smiles on the darkling Soombool's* hair,
 To vest her with his radiance fair.
 So, from that festive bower, the voice
 Of melody, their hearts rejoice,

* The Hyacinth.

Who wand'ring in the twilight hour,
 Rove the goolgusht,* mid fruit and flower ;
 And fondly deem themselves forgot
 Amid the sweetness of that spot,
 Where the rich ghoonchu's deep'ning flush,
 And the wild streamlet, in its gush
 Of silv'ry melody, (eve's dying song,)
 Warble and blush the banks among.
 Yet when that strain in accents clear,
 With sudden sweetness reached the ear,
 It spoke to them, as one would tell
 A tale of joy, to those whom well
 He loves ; in accents fleet,
 By joy unhop'd for, doubly sweet.
 Thus as they thread the Suroo † groves,
 Chacing their footsteps, Music roves ;
 Till finding them, in whispers near,
 She pour'd this tale upon the ear :—

* The evening walk.

† Cypress—a tree which the Persians consider as the emblem
 of an elegant stature.

“ YES ! thou art fair,—oh how surpassing fair.
And wheresoe'er thou art, that spot is sweet !
Those sunny smiles half veiled—that sportive air—
My heart must feel, and it must fondly beat !

‘ Pure as the new born, softly tinted rose.
Thy budding charms to gentle love incline.
Thy cypress-form, its waving shadow throws
O'er all thy beauty's bower, in grace divine !

“ Sweet is that playful innocence of love,
Which bids thine early cheek unveiled to smile ;
Lovely that eye, whence tender glances rove,
Lighting thy stature with its gentle guile.

“ Garden of vision ! in thy richer tint
Glow the full image of that lovely flower !
Steals o'er each sense, the hyacinthine scent,
With breath of jasmine in thy beauty's bower !

“Though o’er thy path, oh love! in checkless
might,

Traverse the torrent of unshrinking grief;
Still o’er this drooping heart, thy cheering sight
From far, hath shed the balm of sweet relief.

“Yet, ah! again I sink before those eyes,
Till o’er the faintings of this wither’d heart;
Thy glowing cheek, a second sun, arise
To glad its pulse, and life and light impart!

“Yes! o’er the desert vast, in quest of thee,
Girded with ceaseless danger should I roam.
Thy lovelorn minstrel, o’er th’ immensity
Would joy to rove, and deem that space a home.”

The strain hath ceas’d; and ne’er did sound
Of melody, o’er magic ground
Of Burtail,^e such sweetness cast,
As in those accents murmured past.

Oh, Music! thou dost leave the breast
 As doth the Boolbool his warm nest,
 To shed through nature, all abroad,
 The bliss his warbling soul o'erflowed;—
 Yet oft, like him,* thine accents tell,
 Man, for his peace, hath lov'd too well.
 So rose, amid that blushing throng,
 The plaintive breathings of this song.

GHUZUL OF JAMEB.

“ MY life for thee its mantle fair
 Rends from the anguish'd grasp of grief.
 Joy of my heart!—to glad this sight,
 Then haste and calm my wild despair:
 For, from this heart, where thou art chief,
 Thy dearest name ne'er takes its flight;
 Though fly, each season (cloth'd with care

* The Boolbool is said to utter the most plaintive notes, from his passion for the *Roso*.

And hopes that ne'er can bring relief,
The flowing stream,—the rose's faded leaf!"

"Yes!—in that form of graces rife,
'Thou bear'st a thousand captive hearts.
Heavens! that a breast where pity glows,
Should light the flames of fiercest strife!
Still, as night's shade its balm imparts,
'This step, its scarce heard echo throws,
'Neath the lov'd fane which shrines my life,
No hope within this breast upstarts,
Pierc'd by the restless pangs affection darts.

"Too oft from fierce undying pain,
In spirit desolate, this drooping head
Is veil'd in ashes;—oft is bowed
In agony of wretchedness, to gain
Her smile, from me for ever fled!—
For when the stream of song hath flowed
Through city, and o'er desert plain,

Thou heedst it not ; and hope is dead,
Which o'er me once, its glowing raptures shed !”

“ Thou fair and flexile branch of love,
Scorn not the rough and humble thorn ;
Oh, let thy minstrel cease to rove,
Nor bid his heart thine absence mourn.”

Why should the pangs of grief assail
One human breast ?—It tells this tale,
That he alone hath wrought his woe ;
Than self, he hath no bitterer foe.
Spirit of man ! thou art the blast
That sweeps his life-cloud, darkling past,
A sky where all was once serene,
And not one sombre tint was seen :
Now, oft surcharged with black'ning crime,
Thou burst'st in fury, o'er a clime,
Where all were peace, and joy, and love,
(Flowers of the Paradisal grove,)

But that thy fierce, remorseless breath,
 Doth doom them to an early death!
 But hark! how chang'd the plaintive pleasure,
 To the gay mootrib's joyous measure.

GHUZUL OF BUQEEB.

“Each instant how sweet, in the circle of joy,
 When truth and affection shall glow in the glass;
 Oh, ne'er can such bliss the fleet moments employ,
 As beams o'er the heart, when their pure pledges
 pass!

“Strike, strike a new chord, fairest minstrel divine,
 As the cup-bearer gracefully fills up the bowl.
 How blest is the union of music and wine;
 How blest the full rapture they shed o'er the soul.

“Yet, ah! tender flowret of beauty and love,
 Deem not that thy loveliness ever shall bloom,

Like the verdure of spring-tide, that vesteth yon
grove,

To charm, and then fade, is thy pitiless doom.

“How long shalt thou, fairest, by absence be veil’d,
Whilst the tears of affection unceasingly flow?

Oh, when shall the heavens, which these sighs
have assailed,

Compassion thy minstrel, his anguish and woe!”

“Why, music, are thy tender powers

(Shedding o’er hearts, as dew o’er flowers,)

Food for their crescive faculty,

Doomed but too fleetingly to die?

Oh, couldst thou, like the happy stream

Of Moorjan,* shed o’er life’s dark dream

As much of joy, or more, or less,

As man may list, how should we bless

* The name of a mountain in Persia; whence issues a spring, said to flow in proportion to the water required.

The sympathies that bound thee here,
In charity to such a sphere.

Why have the fairest earth-forms sped
Before the blast that bowed their head?
And why do rugged rocks, out-dure
Morn's glorious sun, and breathings pure?

Why doth the thorn-clad wilderness
Outlast the virgin rose's dress?

Why doth the lovely summer sky
So fleetly fade before the eye?—

All, all, but tell us from our birth,
The fairest forms are not for earth.

And thus to Music, it was given,
To fly from earth, and enter heaven.

Yet thence, in pity to our race,
Thou glancest on thy wing of grace
Down to earth's sons; then breathes thy sigh
Of the Great Spirit of Harmony:

Here mansion'd then, oh, cease to rove,
And charm with what thou charm'dst above!

“ Yet list!—once more that thrilling strain
 Pours its rich cadence o’er the plain,
 And as it floats upon the gale,
 It tells of hope and joy, a tale.”

GHUZUL OF HAFIZ.

“ A gentle minstrel, at sweet eventide,
 (Ne’er may he feel the grief such strains reveal’d)
 Pour’d forth in trembling song, the plaintive tide
 That sigh’d of sorrows and of love conceal’d.

“ O’er my rapt soul its gentle warblings flow’d
 In murmur’ing streams, so sad, yet wildly sweet,
 Thrill’d to the plaintive call, each pulse, and glow’d
 Each vein, with passion’s sympathetic heat.

“ ’Twas on a night, when that a fairy form,
 (Whose golden locks, shed o’er the frigid soul,
 Like suns o’er wintry snows, a lustre warm,)
 Bore in her graceful hand the blushing bowl.

“Soon as her glance my sad and plaintive mood
 Survey’d,—my listless limbs—my drooping state,—
 Her generous hand high raised the glowing flood;
 I sighed, ah! bliss-affording, gentle mate,

“Long as the rubied stream shall love to glide,
 Fill’d by thy magic hand, thou lovely fair,
 This burden’d being, in the blushing tide
 Shall ceaseless plunge, till freed from every care.

“May heaven preserve thee, gentle being, and love,
 From every grief with which our world is rife;
 Thy lot be blest on earth—be bliss above,
 Through earthy joys below, and heavenly life!”

The Mootrib paused; yet every eye
 Spoke how the soul of sympathy,
 Enshrin’d within its earthly fane,
 Held o’er each heart a happy reign.
 Thus chained by joy, each wond’ring gaze
 Insatiate still of those sweet lays,

Fix'd its bright beam whence plaintive, there
Arose this song upon the air :

GHUZUL OF SENAI.

“ Pausing still,—and still admiring
All thy beauty-vested light,
Why, my soul, such charms desiring
Roves thy fascinated sight ?

“ The God of day, himself upraising
Enamour'd of thy glowing charms,
Feasts on thy light ; and fondly gazing
Owns thee his bride, and gazing warms.

“ Senai ! such blissful pleasures fleeting,
Bloom but in supernal clime ;
Sigh not for a second meeting ;
Life returns no second time.^f”

Then in deep homage to the pow'r
 Of beauty, thron'd within that bower,
 Floated above the breathing hall
 Of regal Nature, clothed in all
 Her pride of loveliness, a song
 That whisper'd thus the groves among:—

GHUZUL OF OORFI.

“ By a glance she stole this captive heart,
 Such should the charmer be ;
 By a single draught was soothed its smart,
 Such should the vintage be !

“ Her loveliness sweet, which in silence, rose
 Unseen,—to these longing eyes
 In its golden flush of beauty glows ;—
 So, should such grain arise !

“ Without and within me are impress
 A thousand forms of thee,

So should that temple be truly blest,
In the land of idolatry.

“ Whilst over absence dark’ning hour
Thou shedst the enchantments of love,
I sank beneath sleep’s oblivious power
Such should enchantment prove !—

“ Yet I glance around, I sigh and I smile—
I scatter—I gather—I groan,—
Lost in that dream of wild’ring guile,
So be the madman known !

“ And, when the night of sorrow’s gloom
Shroudeth hope’s rising spark,
Then, the drooping soul no joys illumine,
Thus is its mansion dark.”

Then, mid the prime of Eeran’s might
Rose a bright form ; whose vocal light,

As the star-choirs that tranced the sky,
 Shed music through her speaking eye,
 Sweetly as at the planet-birth,
 Those sons of light rejoic'd the earth.
 So Music, from her heaven of graces,
 Illumed those fond and glowing faces.
 All must have felt, who once had seen,
 There stood thy lovely form, Shireen ;
 Then from these tones, the listening lute,
 By love entranc'd, by wonder mute,
 Withheld his voice ; that raptur'd, he
 Might list to this sweet melody.

GHUZUL OF JAMEE.

"On what bright spot of earth I fix my home,
 I feel thee, inmate of that dwelling fair ;
 Or where, o'er verdured flowret lawn I roam,
 I hail thee smiling, for I find thee there !

“Should balmy slumbers veil this fringed light,
Or my lone footsteps echo through the cell,
I own thee in those opiate shades of night ;
I feel thee—for thou deign’st with me to dwell.

“Mid the convivial goblet’s blushing glow,
Mid the wild wand’rings of the busy throng,—
Nought, save thine own sweet image may I know ;
None, save thee, fairest, rove those crowds among.

“Where’er thy lamp of beauty, beaming bright,
Vests gloom with vision’d glories, ever there,
Circling thy ray in pleas’d, yet hopeless flight,
The flutt’ring captives of thy charms appear.

“If, where the reeling floods of riches flow,
Thither my way-worn, longing footsteps tend,
This hand no goblet bears, for well I know,
Thine is in every guest’s, thou bounteous friend!

“Freed from the sacred garb that vesteth me,
 If I but plunge in swift impetuous whirl
 Into the bliss of thy perfection’s sea,
 I find thee in each shell the precious pearl.

“Spreads wide around, the busy ceaseless roll
 Of drumming vanity—and some would prove
 Their kindly worth; but my fond happy soul,
 Thee, thee alone can feel,—thee only love!”

CANTO II.

* * * * *

THUS, mid their joyous revelry,
 The grape had banished every sigh;
 And golden vases sighed around
 The magic breath of fairy ground;
 For, fill’d with every choicest flower
 That swell’d the fragrance of the bower,
 There droop’d around a budding shower. }

So dear, though fleet the hour had flown,
 Each fair one clasped it as her own ;
 And deemed not that the sun had set,
 Although night's gloomy bark had met
 His consort, the bright canvass'd moon,
 Sailing through azure seas too soon,—
 Although the chrystal gems of light
 Beamed o'er their vigils of delight,
 The song, the lute, the trancing bowl—
 The sparkle of the eye and soul,
 Continued to illumine the whole.

And still not one could dare to move,
 Or burst in twain the wreaths of love.
 A lovely girl of Fars* had sung,
 And praises dwelt on every tongue—
 And every eye on her was turn'd,
 That for the charming maiden burned ;
 The echoes scarce had died away,
 In liquid notes of softest sway,—

* Persia.

When—hark to the crash as of falling trees,
 Too fierce for the sound of the rising breeze ;
 Hark !—'tis the rush of the Afghan band,
 As gleams on the vision each moon-lit brand.
 A moment's pause—then with fearful haste
 Each sword flew from its scabbard ;—aghast
 Every cheek that had blushed at its praise,
 And white were the lips which had glow'd in the blaze
 Of a love as intense and ardent, as e'er
 Flamed in the breast of maiden dear.
 Uprose that flower-crown'd minstrel chief,
 His brow oppressed with darkest grief ;
 But with a bearing stern and dread,
 As reckless when or where he bled :
 Then waving high his flaming sword,
 Swift to his clear and skilful word,
 The banded youth of vigorous age,
 To foil the desperate foeman's rage,
 Compass'd the entrance of that bower,
 Devote within that dreary hour

To live and die for Fars, and those
 Whose maiden fears to horror rose.
 Like blasts that strip the vernal green,—
 Like torrent rushing down ravine,—
 Like courser skirr'd to utmost speed,—
 Like swiftest flight of barbed reed,—
 The Afghan troop shot to the bower,
 Led by the brave but vengeful Giaour
 Alchoon;—than whom no Tartar foe
 Hath wrought on Fars a bitterer woe.
 Alchoon—who made the land a waste,
 And doomed the shuddering child, to taste
 Such orphaned tears, that death were bliss,
 Compared with such a life as this!
 Such was the chief that onward flew,
 To Koordistan and vengeance true,—
 Till burst upon his gleaming sight
 The flashings of the Shumsheer's* light.

* Scimitar.

The Afghan chieftain paused awhile ;
 Then with a dark and bitter smile,
 “ Yield ye, or by the prophet’s head,
 Your lives are in an instant sped.”

“ Proud chief, thy menace I defy,
 Nor reck I when and where I die,
 So ’tis for Fars and victory !”

Nor Alchoon hears what he hath said,
 He is already with the dead !
 While yet those threats in vengeance brake,
 Dashed by the shot of a tophaike,*
 The Afghan chief’s uplifted arm
 Sank powerless on his bleeding form.
 One moment erst, his low’ring eye
 Could heaven, and earth, and man defy :
 One moment erst, his blade was clenched
 By hand that ne’er from danger blenched :

* A musket.

One moment erst, his pulse beat high ;
 'Tis past—now all is mystery !
 He fell—but sharper than the shot,
 Flew to the Yoozbash'* aid, I wot,
 The best and bravest of his band ;
 Too late—the steel hath left his hand.

* * * * *

On, on, in still exhaustless force
 The Afghan bursts his desperate course
 O'er many a hacked and riven crest ;
 O'er bleeding friend, and crimsoned vest ;
 O'er gore-stamped locks, unturbaned brows,
 Through whizzing shot, and shrieking foes ;
 O'er trampled and blood-sodden grass,
 They gain the hallowed boweret's pass.
 But here in vain their mightiest strive,
 And hosts on hosts in vain arrive.

* Properly, Yoozbashee. *یوزباشی* the commander of 100 men. Vide "Tareekhi Teemoor," or "the Institutes of Timour."

Like rock unruffled by the ocean,
 Or fortress by the whirlwind's motion ;—
 Like dizzy cliff engloomed by time,
 Trenching in clouds his brow sublime,—
 With all their massy strength and force,
 The minstrel warrior checked their course.
 Though steely waves around him roll,
 Not one can shake his mighty soul ;
 For, rock-like, mid that billowy strife,
 He seems to bear impassive life
 From scathing balls that cleave the van,
 And scarcely seems a death-doomed man.
 Well cleft his steel at the close of day,
 For the dead around in warm hills lay ;
 Yet madly on the Afghans rush,
 Though every tree and shrub and bush
 With gouts of blood all deeply blush.

—Thick as leaves stript off by the blasting
 shock,—

Thick as foam-bells dash'd on the sea-born rock,—

Thick as dreams rolling over the troubled breast—
 Thick as clouds entrenched in the golden west—
 Fleet and thick as they come to their leader's call
 So fleet and so thick the Afghans fall.
 But one wild yell in fury rose,
 "Alla bismillah," on our foes
 "Hurl ruin with our latest breath,
 "'Tis sweet to take revenge in death.—
 "'Tis done—the bower is forced—they fly—
 "'Tis but beneath our glaive to die!—
 To a gem-decked maid of Eeran, flew
 The horded chieftain of that crew;
 And fiercely tore as from some fair shrine
 The gore-stained prize from that form divine.
 The gems yet linger in his hand,
 And blood streams from his smoking brand,
 When a shattered corse he sinks with a groan,
 And with foaming lips his soul hath flown.
 —There lay in that bower, of a massy size
 A golden vase—on which the eyes

Of the minstrel warrior hastily glanced ;—
 'This with fearful force, at the wretch he hath lanced.
 —But late the vengeance, that was due
 To him who led that impious crew,
 For urged by thousands in their rear,
 Fate-blinded, and unknowing fear,
 They overwhelmed that gallant band ;
 Though desperate still, and hand to hand,
 They sternly struggle to the last.
 'Tis but an instant—it is past.
 The youth of Farsistau are driven
 As flakes before the blasts of heaven.
 Their bowret, late a Paradise,
 Is filled with dying shrieks and cries ;—
 The garland roses that drooped o'er
 The feast, are deeper bloomed with gore.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

One lofty dome was blazing yet,
 By that blood-hardened crew beset,

When the falling crash of the blackened pile
 As its flashings gleamed on their demon smile,
 Drove forth the wretched ; (who had lain
 Till now concealed,) to the scorching plain.—
 An aged man, of warrior mien,
 To dash from the burning pile was seen,
 Whose hoary locks like silver shone
 As they streamed in the blaze ;—yet not alone.
 His child clung to her father's hand,
 The other grasped his glittering brand.—
 Pale was her cheek—and a bitter sigh
 Burst from her heart ;—and her frenzied eye
 Glared fiercely on the savage crew,
 As wildly on the foe, her maddened father flew.
 Light were the spears' or sabres' stroke
 On a heart well nigh with sorrow broke ;—
 Light were the ball of whistling lead
 On a heart with grief but well nigh sped.
 The mightiest sons of Koordistan
 Circled the brave and aged man ;

Many a cut and deadly thrust
 Glanced round his fenceless head and bust :—
 Many a whistling shot and ball
 Pierced through the vest of the veteran tall ;
 But though with death they all seem rife,
 Not one hath pow'r to take his life.
 With age's silver-crested brow,
 Who life-charm'd, thus derides the foe ?
 Whose sweeping steel, like volleyed light,
 Seals up their eyes in endless night ?
 Who matchless thus, mid that fierce scene ?
 'Tis he, thy mighty sire Shireen !

* * * * *

But within ken of the warring shout
 What ensigns those, that streaming out
 To the blue vault, spread broad and free,
 The moon their argent canopy ?
 What sounds amid the conflicts roar
 Still closer near Eerania's pow'r ?

What bannered crescent's silvery light
 Bursts on our view this horrid night?
 It is, it is Khorassan's might!—
 With a deafening shout that space they reach,
 Whence, within ken of Tupunchu's* reach,
 The desperate strife they madly try
 Who bleed for Fars and victory.
 Wildly to the conflict then,
 Rushed the banded might of men;
 Smiled each ambushed sword, as he sprang
 To the moon's pale light; and startling rang
 His murderous voice, as by death unappalled,
 Each Yoozbash his clan to the onslaught called.
 Mark ye the chief that heads yon band,
 Deep sworn to crush his native land?
 What wrong, that hidden or confest,
 May rankle in that haughty breast?
 Thine Yoosoof, warrior minstrel, thine
 The name devote at vengeance' shrine.

* A Pistol.

“ ’Tis he !—I see him in the van,
Thy recreant chief, Afghanistan !”

Such were the bitter sounds, that broke
From the fierce prince, whose daring woke
The Ooyemak* to deeds of fame,
Each worthy of their ancient name.

“ ’Tis Yoosoof! a sire’s curses, light
Upon the base and dastard flight
That left thy tribe, to band with those
Thy brethren deem their bitterest foes.”

“ Father,—not mine the deed, that led
To hazard this devoted head ;—
Not mine the meed, that scornful brow,
Whose tauntings bade me join the foe :
Thy tribe, that lightly held my fame,
Shall feel I bear no changeling name.”

* Name of the Tartar and Afghan tribe.

But thou art safe—no deed from me
 Shall blur a warrior's destiny.

“ Slave !—be thy false and traitorous word
 For ever quelled by this true sword.

Scorn of the Ooyemak ! that hand
 Shall never wield Khorassan's brand :

Dark be the doom thy guilt demands ;
 Receive it at a father's hands.”

He said ;—and at the vengeful word,

Led by his onward meteor sword,

The Hurawal's* impetuous force

Unswerved, speeds on its checkless course—

But sire and son in hateful fight,

Ne'er shall view the orb of night.

Upon that fierce vindictive course,

Why droops you warrior on his horse ?

Why doth his grasp, all powerless, need

Another hand to guide his steed ?

Not his the guilt, Afghania's son,

* The advanced guard.

That o'er a sire dark triumph won!
 Another hand, Khorassan's call
 Hath willed to speed the deadly ball
 That pierced the Kooluh* on his brow,
 And laid that towering forehead low.

Thy "fortune sleeps," Afghanistan! †
 And valor's fire, that blazing ran
 Through breasts no terror might appall,
 Is quenched by that high chieftain's fall.
 Yet still a tried and faithful few
 Unto the last, to vengeance true,
 With arm all carnage-faint, and brow
 With red toil reeking, to the foe
 Hurl the last defiance there,
 The bitter mountings of despair,
 Ere hemmed in, that tameless band
 Sank upon Eerania's land!—

* * * * *

* The military cap.

† A favorite phrase of Firdousee.

Conflict shout,—and those that flying
 O'er the dead, and o'er the dying,
 Sought to shun those blood-dew'd plains.
 All are past!—and Stillness reigns
 Successor to a sire, whose might
 Shook the wide empire of the night.
 Full many a day hath passed since then,
 Since, mingling in the haunts of men,
 Oblivious of past grief and strife,—
 The glozing arts or snares of life,—
 The roving Eelat's* tent, hath been
 Her Yoosoof's palace to Shireen.

* The Eelats are roving pastoral tribes, but by no means unwarlike, who speak a dialect of the Persian language.

NOTES.

^a The boolbool is said to utter the most plaintive and affecting notes, as though addressing the rose.

^b An eastern periphrase, to express the modest blushes of the minstrel when about to sing.

^c "Tubbut's brow."—A mountain, on the summit of which is a well, whence (according to Eastern belief) forty different voices are distinctly heard; excepting when it rains. It is situated in the midst of the sea, and burns perpetually, unless when the flames are extinguished by the waters of the ocean.

^d "Suduh."—Is a festival night, on which the Persians light a number of large fires, in commemoration of the following popular tradition: In the time of king Hoshang, (about 860 years before the christian era) a monstrous dragon infesting the country, the king himself attacked it with stones; when one of them falling with prodigious force upon another, struck fire, set the herbage and the surrounding trees in a blaze, and consumed the dragon in the flames.

^e "The Waqwaq."—A tree which grows in some of the Indian islands, to the height of about a hundred cubits; having leaves like shields, of a sea-green colour, and fruit resembling a human head, with ears, eyes, nose, &c. When agitated by the wind, it bends its branches to the ground, making the sound "waqwaq," whence it is named.

^f "The Neemtun."—A species of imaginary being, having half a face, one eye, one arm, and one foot; it is male and female; the male having the right hand, foot, &c., and the female the left: when united, they resemble one human figure: when separate, they are supposed to run with amazing velocity on one foot, and are considered very dangerous and cruel.

FUGITIVE PIECES;

TOGETHER WITH

SOME EXTRACTS FROM A MS. POEM,

ENTITLED,

“THE WILDERNESS.”

FUGITIVE PIECES,

EXTRACTS, &c.

TO MILTON.

OH! first and last of mortal race, baptized
As in a flood of sacred melody,
How doth the wing of earthborn Poesy
Droop 'neath thy spirit-soarings heavenward! for,
Fraught with th' ethereal essence, thou upborne
Companion-spirit of the starry choirs,
At once dost sing,—at once dost sing and shine,
Till in the deathless music of that lay,
The ear drinks in thy godlike melody—
The fading eye droops o'er that flood of light
Ineffable. * * * * *

“THEIR LINE IS GONE OUT THROUGH ALL
THE EARTH.”

FOUNTAIN of light ; that from thy golden urn
Pour’st the rich streams that flood the circling year,
Or bid’st to glow the myriad gems, that burn
In the blue formless void of nature’s sphere,
 “ As is the voice of many waters ”—thine
 Hymns a sire’s might, from an unfading shrine.

Spirits of air !—when in your whirlwind force
Ye sweep the cavern’d form of ocean deep,
Or through the beetling crag, with murmurs hoarse,
Ye cradle the rude seaman’s reckless sleep,—
 Or when ye fan to life the infant flower,
 Your breathings speak his love, your blasts,
 his power.

Primeval rays !—that on the throne of space,
Hold o’er your vassal spheres unshrinking sway ;
Or who, in “mystic dance,” with purest grace,

Lead forth the twin-born glories of the day ;

Ye morning stars ! that form'd the primal choir,
 Hymn with the "sons of God," your deathless
 Sire.

Ocean of waters !—on whose breast upborne,
 Floateth in matchless pride, earth's mighty ark,
 Where brooded, ere thy form was channel-worn,
 The Father-spirit o'er thy surface dark,—

Ocean of waters !—since that awful birth,
 Thy checkless voice hath warn'd the sons of
 earth !

Earth ! on whose lap the infant sons of Spring
 Do ope their golden mouths in early love,—
 Or o'er whose bosom, on the glittering wing,
 Floats the full harmony of praise above,—

Rich parent ! from whose form our birth was
 won,

Join in the choir, and aid thy first-born son !

THE WILDERNESS.

"SPIRIT of ancient days," who erst didst breathe
Into my Father-bard, the hallowed fire
Of sacred song exalted, (he bereft
Of visual organ, yet with godlike reach,
As with creative energy, the germs
Of light ethereal grasping, first drew down,
Then sowed them thick, to be the splendor of
This nether sphere,) me, child of humble sire,
Deign to exalt with the ennobling robe
Humility, archangel vesture; that
Thus meetly clad, I veil the orbs of sense.
Great source of light, to be illumed by thee.
Say, lyre of prophecy, whose awful chords
Swell into sound at touch of hallowed breath,—

Unearthly melody ! which preludest
 Him, triune chorus of the universe,
 The present, past, and future,—the I AM,—
 Say why the lord of Egypt, with vast sway,
 Ruling o'er countless hosts, was doomed to fall
 With lofty ruin ?—Pride,—the primal source
 Of woe ;—Pride, which ethereal spirits hurled
 Down from a throne more lofty ;—and a realm
 More glorious ! What marvel then, that one
 Of grosser mould_ terrestrial, should succumb
 To that dark principle, which first unsphered
 Harith,* the brightest orb of seraph light ?

* * * * *

What time the impious bondage of the east,
 “A royal priesthood, and a chosen race”
 Crushed to the soil, and that the stifled groan
 Rose with the glancing eye to heaven's King,—
 (Or, likest fragrant growth of orient stock,
 The grateful aloes, whose odorous sigh

* The original appellation of Satan.

'Plains not to mortal sense, till fiercely vexed
 By fiery torture ; so the incense strong
 Of Judah's furnaced tribes, full sorely tried,
 From earthly to ethereal altar sprang ;)—
 —When the pride of the Memnonian purple
 Bade rise, (task hard and severe) the mountain-bulk
 Of temple huge, for brutish deity,
 Or boundless charnel-house of regal pomp,—
 Or, (for this infant race lisps varied tale,)
 The mighty store-house of a nation's life,—
 Then rose the warrior sage : whom, nor the fang
 Of the Misrean* blood-hound quelled—nor whom
 The wave, wide-throated, swallowed as its prey.
 For, snatched by alien royalty from death,
 He rolled in after age, the o'erwhelming flood
 O'er the oppressor's head ; Him, blood avenger, in
 A foreign clime, by dire necessity
 Egyptian vengeance held ; till high behest
 Willed to be leader of the Hebrew host.

* Egyptian.

* * * * *

Nor be ye pillar'd banners of a God
 Unsung by banded saint and seraphim,
 (Goodness ineffable, that spirit of flame
 Should marshall and lead forth to victor joy
 A host of clay) since, in this nether world,
 Th' immortal theme more than immortal powers
 Would claim, hymning in song supernal, Thee,
 Triple Effulgence of the universe !
 Deign, then, Seraphic wonder,—thou, whose orbs
 Of brightness, with celestial plume are veiled
 Beneath the flood of the rayed majesty,
 To be my brother in that highest praise,
 Mute adoration ! * * * *

* * * * *

PHAROAH IN PURSUIT.

MYRIADS of fiery spirits car-enshrined
 Thronged the dark form of Pharoah, borne on steeds
 Of speed surpassing ; yet there reigned not there
 Aught that befits not order—nicest skill
 To wheel in cirque, to close or open wide
 The lightning of their spears they boast, or in
 Right course to charge concentrate; them, with mien
 Of lofty daring, and a form pride-sworn,
 His glance surveyed, as high exalted o'er
 His regent powers he stood, in gorgeous car
 Flaming with ruby; such as might beseem
 A nation's ransom. * * *

Waves around every fiery horseman floating free,
 A crimson vestment—while unpressed by helm,
 Or morion onerous, on each swarth brow
 There lightly sat, of texture delicate,
 And purest tint, a spotless turban, (such,
 In Ind or Farsistan, for magnates wove

The graceful fabric of unsullied loom,
 To day we view :) whose ample folds of white
 Rode their dark brow, as rides the fleecy mist
 Upon the black embattled thunder cloud,
 'Neath whose dark horrors springs the vollied light !
 So from the gloomings of their swarthy brows
 Played vivid fires of vengeance! doomed how soon
 To be for ever quenched in Egypt's flood !
 Nor wanted there of richest harmony,
 To breathe the resolute breast to lofty deed,
 The reedy melody of varied stop,
 Nychah and Kaysabas, and Zurna sweet,
 And Nydil; orient sires of dulcet sounds,
 Whence sprang Europa's tribe of mellowed pipe;
 Nor yet with martial grandeur fraught,—the voice
 Of Goudoom, Booq, and Karna, trumpet-charged,
 To list the daring heart to onslaught fierce.

* * * * * * *

THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

HE said:—and hurried onward trepidant,
 Rank pressing rank, and throng impelling throng—
 As when the King of ocean, in vast might,
 Urged by Zephyrus, on the shelly slope,
 Sends his white ranks of ocean-force to take
 The stubborn beach declive— * * *
 Mounting the veteran coursers of the spheres,
 Rank hurries rank, and crest bears onward crest
 In hoary pride, till all the circling land
 They captive take.—So Israel, in haste
 Obedient, though with look revert, marched on,
 While their conductor with the Deity
 Held commune calm:—then in the “still small
 voice,”
 Whose mighty fiat whispered, “peace, be still,”
 The Spirit spake.—“Yet lift thou up thy rod,
 “And stretch thine hand over the darkling wave,
 “Which, as a mighty barrier checks thy course—

“ Divide it ;—that the children of my love,
 “ Through chrystal highway passing fair and dry,
 “ May view my wonders—and behold, the hearts
 “ Of the Egyptians will I harden ; that
 “ In mad pursuit they follow ; and upon
 Th’ embattled host of Pharoah, and the array
 “ Of chariot and of horsemen, will I get
 “ Me honor, and on Pharoah and his might.”

Meanwhile the Angel of the Lord, which erst,
 In semblance dread of bannered flame, the van
 Of Israel’s hope led on, o’er trackless route,
 To err impeccable, (so Argosy
 Distressed, the vivid polestar scanned by night,
 Holds its unerring course o’er watery wilds,)
 In motion retrograde, his awful brow
 Frowning to pillar’d cloud, roll’d from before
 Their face, and stood behind—So (to exalt
 Mortal similitude by tale divine,)
 Some giant Ethiop, clothed in sable might,
 With facile confidence brings up the rear

Of squadron, harassed or discomfited.
Mid-way twixt either camp it paused.—To these
It was a cloud and darkness ; but to those
Light, mid the glooming of a trackless route.
So, from the evil of this lower sphere,
Yon glorious orb oft shrouds his cheering beam,
While to the host of heaven he ministers
Both light and heat. Or fitter type, perchance,
To Egypt's prince, that darkness did portend
Darker futurity—a termless night
Of widening horrors ever unexplored.
While to the sons of Israel, angel-led,
That emblem fire bespake in majesty,
The brightness of their coming glories, and
“That light that shineth to the perfect day,”—
The Shilo, nascent star of Bethlehem.
Thus fenced by glory, on their perilous course,
“Thou leddest Joseph like a flock,” until
The liquid goal, from every varied scourge,
They gladly hailed; yet, when the trenching flood,

With wave obstructive to their hurried flight,
 Burst on the anguished view, in uproar wild,
 As all were lost, despairing shrieks arose.

* * * * *

* * * Forthwith to large advance,
 Wrapt on by chariot essence pyriform,
 Dilate in mien, and radiant to the sight,
 Of all that host, stood Moses. * * *

Thence, with a voice not mortal—and an eye
 Whose rays, with godlike pity, beamed o'er all
 That wide expanse of innocence and age,
 The shepherd warrior Thy will declared,
 Gracious behest and irreversible !
 “Children of Israel, the chosen seed
 Of sire eternal, wherefore tremble ye
 At the wild gulf that yawns to check your march;
 Or at you nearing desert cloud, portent
 Of Pharaoh's vengeance and of Egypt's hate ?

He that hath snatched from the oppressor's grasp,
His children, at the last will not forsake."

He said, and lo, (such is the might of God)
That staff attenuate, with virtues rare
Surcharged, he o'er the flood extending, glanced
To heaven.—The waves the incumbent God confess,
fess,

And in dread homage bow their heads; then wide
Disparting as with voice of thunder, hymn
His praise.—So (semblance weak and faint,)
Some victor King to distant conquest bound,
A chosen band full sorely tried, leads on
Through the vast pomp of all his marshall'd realms;
—Wide they roll back to give the victor way,
And as his serried files, their glorious line
Hold on, in Pæans high they shout his praise.

بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم

بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم

بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم

ای غلام بچا بکن شناختن

بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم

بانهن نغمه نشه کن

بوی بر بختی طلب آله باش

مژده تو کبریا سر بر خیزم

اوان بیچم امان کار شما

بایر قدم زدم زان جهان بر خیزم

بوقای کز زنده جو اسم نی

از خا بر سر بر بوی خیزم

ز صافی کون کون خیزم

جرام معتقدم برین رضا

باز لب بند تلمان را نی

بیشتر ناله پو کز ز سیاه خیزم

الو تا بیکوه قیامت باش

بیشتر سر مایمی بنگر بشین

دله ز سبب کجاست به باش

تا نشیند زهر نمان بر خیزم

ز مردم نه وقت گذشت انوشتم عمر

از رفته ام ایون تو با عمل

تا حکم زکنا تو جوان بر خیزم

از راه دست می خانی کجاست

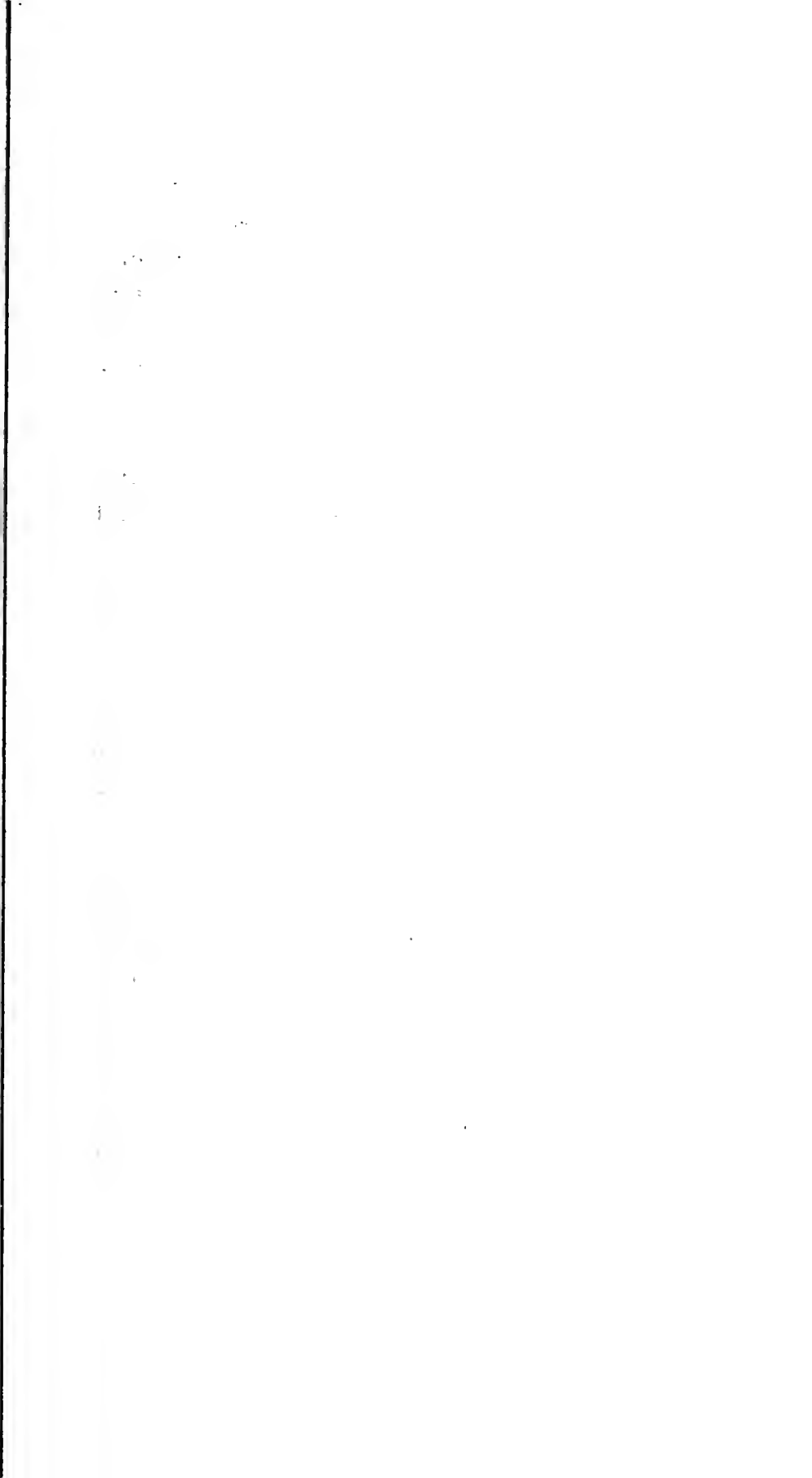
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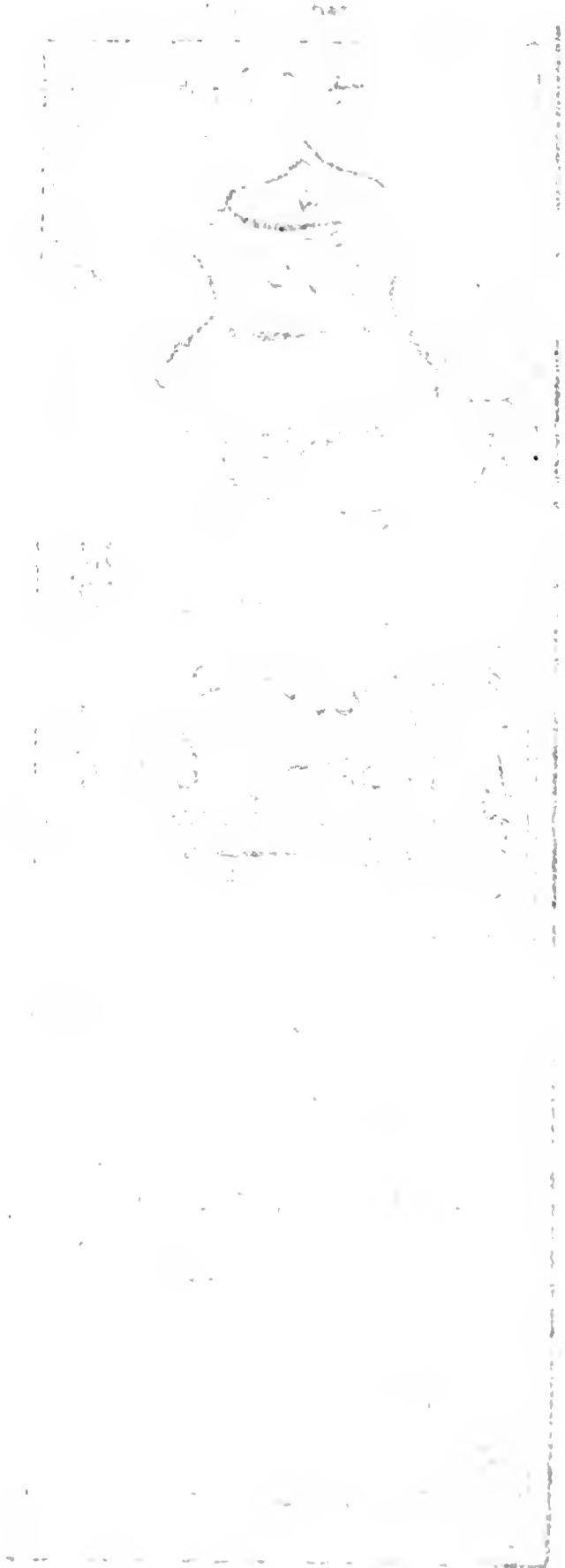
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بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم





As the reader may perhaps take some interest in a lyric poet justly celebrated in the East, and to whom European poesy is under considerable obligations, he is presented with a fac-simile of the inscription on the tomb of Hafiz; copied by the late W. Price, Esq., assistant Secretary to the Persian legation, of which the following is a translation:—

ANNOUNCE the glad tidings that my soul may rise in thy enjoyment.

I am a bird of Paradise, and will fly from the snares of the world.

Were I but a servant at the table of thy elect,
I should rank above all the great men of the universe.

Oh Lord, let the cloud of guidance rain,
That I may arise encircled with thy glory.

Sit on my tomb with wine and music,
That I may arise out of it amid dancing lovers.

Though I am old, let me embrace thee but one night,
And I shall rise next morning in the vigour of youth.

Oh image of sweet actions, arise and show on high
That I as Hafiz, soar above the world and evil spirits.

Oh my heart! submit to the Sovereign of the universe,
and govern thy passions.

Show a sense of gratitude for divine protection.

Many who put on an outward show, are not worth a
single barley corn;

Let such hypocrites be banished to the mountains.

This day I am living with thy people, O Ali,

And to-morrow I may be summoned before the tribunal
of the saints.

He who is not Ali's friend, lives in infidelity.
 Tell him to depart, and spend his days in solitude.
 Let him kiss the tomb of the eighth emperor, and high-
 priest of the true faith,
 And perform his devotions at its gate.
 Oh Hafiz, prepare the way for the King's servant,
 And guard it whilst man is on his passage.
 Khojeh Hafiz the lamp of the wise,
 Seek the date in the soil of Mosella,*
 If you wish to know it when you approach my tomb,
 Which shall be the resort of pilgrims and travellers,
 From all parts of the world.

* The letters taken apart of the words **خاک مصلی** Khaki Mosella, (the soil of Mosella,) give the date in the following manner.—

خ	stands for	600.
ا	1.
ک	20.
م	40.
ص	90.
ل	30.
ی	sounded a,	10.

Year of the Hegira, 791, A. D. 1338.

EXTRACT FROM A PAPER, ENTITLED,

“The Analogy and Structure of Language; with some brief notices of Primitive Dialect, and the influence of the Persic on European Languages;” read at the Literary and Philosophical Institution, Bristol.

To trace the progress of the human mind in its varied communication of idea; to investigate the principles by which it is guided; to recognize a similarity of order in the structure of its noblest ornament, viz. that of speech, must ever be an interesting pursuit to the contemplative mind; nor can we fail to receive pleasure in the reflection, that in many instances, the same arts and elegant inventions which charmed the living, ages since, have descended to us, distinguished by the same name, the same structure, and the same application; or at least, but with slight variety. It is by the gift of language, that a bond of union is formed with our fathers of distant ages; that we still hold converse with the wisdom of antiquity; that we are charmed with the melody of the minstrel whose harp we no longer hear, but whose inspiration we still recognize.

* * * * *

The Easterns by a strange coincidence, have the term Sheriff and Meer (Mayor.) Of the latter of these titles we find no mention made in English history till the time of Richard I., who changed the *Bailiff* of London into a *Mayor*. On this word the Encyclopædia Perthensis observes, that it was “anciently spelt Meyr, and is derived from the British miret to keep, or from

the old English maier, 'power,' and not as Dr. Johnson supposes from the Latin major." But the Eastern origin of the term appears to be entirely overlooked. It is the Persian and Arabic Meer, a commander, especially over a town. The English monarch, even before his warlike pilgrimage in the East, and especially while there, must have been perfectly familiar with the term and have seen the utility of the office. Hence observing its advantages, he adopted from Palestine, both the term and official appointment, in a more extended form than that of Bailiff. There is another curious coincidence in the term *Sheriff*; in the East it signifies noble, and is applied particularly to the descendants of Mahomet (vid. D' Herb. Bib. Orient.) This is certainly of Oriental extraction, though from another root. It is evidently a compound of the Saxon "shire and iff," for over; i. e. set over the shire; it is the Saxon "*Shearan*," to cut, divide; hence, shire, a division of land; hence also our *shears*, the instrument of cutting; also a *share*, *division*. Milton uses the word in its true signification (Lib. 6) in his description of the combat between Michael and Satan, he observes, (speaking of Michael's sword),

"it met

The sword of Satan with steep force to smite
Descending; and in half cut *sheer*; nor staid
But with swift wheel reverse, deep entering, *shared*
All his right side."

We find it in the Arab *sherz*, cutting; in Persian *shiyar*, is a plough, and *shcyareedun* to plough. The Irish is

also *shara* ; so that this vocable is of venerable Eastern extraction. As we had sheriff so we had bailiff, one set over the bail, i. e. the town or city ; (the Saxon and Irish bail, and the Arab bilad, a town.) A large tribe of words relative to the pursuits of life, during this warlike mania for Eastern pilgrimage, gradually crept into the Norman French, and our own language ; and long before that period into the Latin. Thus *essyuer*, from Persian *shooi*, washing ; *tasse*, from Persian and Arab *tas* ; *louche*, from Persian *loch* ; *casser*, to break, from Arab *kassera* ; *moyen*, from Persian *meeyan*, between, and the English, means. Hence too, *al-cove*, *al-chymy* ; *Algebra*, *al-kali*, and the Latin, *al-tar*, *al-bus*, *el-ephas*, *al-tus*. *Gebra*, signifies setting, uniting broken numbers, bringing them into integers. *Kali*,* is a vegetable, a *cabbage* :—hence we find it in the Scotch, *kail* ; the Italian, *bro-collo*, and English, *broccoli*. Thus *cauli-flower*, is *cabbage-flower*, as the French, *choux-fleur* ; *albus*, is the Arabic *al-biyaz*, the white ; *el-ephas*, is the Arabian *el-pheel*, the elephant ; *altus*, is the Arabic *ala*, high, with the Latin termination. The Latin and English *al-tar*, is a very singular and ancient term ; it is of Eastern extraction, and not as generally supposed, from the Latin *al-tus* high, but of a different family, being of Eastern extraction. It is the Arabian “*toor*,” a mountain ; a place of worship, the most ancient on record.

* This is not from the Latin *caulis*, as Etymologists suppose ; the analogy of *choux-fleur* will decide. The Hind. also is *kurum-phul*, cabbage-flower.

We find the pure Oriental term wonderfully preserved in our own country; the *Tor* at Glastonbury, a place remarkable for religious association from time immemorial; adjoining which was the site of a most ancient monastery, till demolished by the Sth Henry. We find the term again as a compound in Torrington, (the hill town.) Again, in Mam Tor, (mother-mount) in Derbyshire; and in Gibr-al-tar. The mountain in which God appeared to Moses (Mount Sinai), is called by the Arabs, by way of reverence, *the* mountain; "altoor." The very first altar that was ever raised, was on mount Ararat, by Noah. Hence, we are not surprised that mankind, remembering the awful æra of the deluge, and the mount whence the human race was, as it were, a second time created, should hold such an object in profound veneration. We find in the 12th chapter of Genesis and the 8th verse, that "Abraham removed to a mountain on the east of Bethuel, and there he builded an *altar* unto the Lord." Hence, in after ages we hear that Jesus went up into a mountain to pray, (as a Jewish custom.) Again, says the Samaritan woman to our Saviour, "our fathers worshipped in this mountain." The Psalmist also says, (speaking of the *idolatrous* ancestors of the Jews,) Ps. lviii. and verse 59, "for they provoked him to displeasure with their images, and grieved him with their *Hill Altars*;" this word is found in nearly every dialect in Europe, independent of those derived from the Latin. The Armoric too, has it, *altor*; the Welsh, *alhor*; and the Irish, *altoir*. Religious veneration has most wonderfully preserved this vocable. It is a Chaldean term, whence it descended to the

Arabic. Therefore, do we find Daniel using this identical word (2 Chron. and verse 35) as he stood before the Chaldean monarch interpreting his dream; “and the stone that smote the image became a great mountain, (toor rav.) The Hebrew has it under the form of hor; whence the al-hor of the Welsh, and the or-os of the Greeks.

But our space will not allow us to enlarge on this portion of our subject; we therefore pass on to notice, that in all languages, however various and even contradictory the signification may appear, it has, strictly speaking, but one simple meaning; and thus by a curious coincidence, into whatever dialect it passes, it still retains its original import. Thus as connected with the Greek “ballo,” I throw, I strike, we have the thing thrown, the striker; i. e. “Beel-os,” an arrow. We find, in the French and English the thing stricken, a *ball*. It is on this principle that *ball* used for a dance, is still the same word; it still implies *striking*—*striking* the ground with the *feet*; therefore, we find it in the Greek “bal-lizein” to dance; the Italian, ballare; and the French, ballet. Horace has the same idea, “Alterno terram quatunt pede,” (Ode 4.) Allied to this family, is the Greek, plesso, I strike, and the French “blesser,” to wound; in all which instances, we recognize the primary idea. Again, in *pila*, the thing struck, a *ball*; *pilum*, the *striker*; a “javelin” the *striker* of a bird; the *bill*, the *hooked striker*, the *bill-hook*, the tongued *striker*, the *bell*; the horned *striker*, the *Bull*; *Byl* is also the name for this animal in the Hindoostanee.

We have also the old English pellet, another form of

bullet, and closely allied to "pelt." It is found in *Balista*, the great projectile engine of the ancients. In Irish, the thong striker or *sling*, is *bail*; in the Persian it is *ballaham*; again, in Irish, *ballaire* is a slinger; and hence, as Gen. Vallancy has justly observed, the *balearic* Isles. This element is discernible again in a compound form, in *cym-bal*, hollow-stricken, a cymbal; in *tum-ble*, earth striking, and in the Italian, *tom-bolare*. S' tumble is another form of *tumble*, all *but* striking the earth. S, signifying deprivation, negative, as in Italian *consciuto*, known, s' *consciuto*, unknown. The idea of roundness is of a secondary source. It is the Latin *volvo*, and the Greek "poleo," I turn round; in our own language it is perceived as the round vessel for holding liquid, a *bowl*, the round medicine, *pill*, and *bolus*; the head-resting-round, *pillow*; which is found in the Persian, under the form of "balish." In the Hindoostanee, "boola," is a bubble, (as also the Latin :) in these, the idea of roundness is still discernible. Round, or rounded wood, is a *pole*; and in the Hindoostanee it is *balla*. As in these analyses, and others similar, (if the primary idea be developed) the connecting links are easily detected, so does it require considerable caution in the application of the principle. For instance, there is another tribe of vocables in *bl* or *ph—ll* (which are the same letters) signifying "giving birth to," "young." Hence the Greek "phuo," and the Latin *fui*; the Greek "phullon," the young of a tree, (i. e. the leaf,) the Latin *folium*. We find it again in English the *young* of a horse, a *foal* and *filly*; of the human race, *filius*, a

son ; the young of a hen, our *pullet*, and the French poulet ; and in the Latin a *young* female, “*puella*. It is found in the Arabic also, in *fooloo*, a chicken. We have before observed as a first principle, that the primary race of vocables, was that of the descriptive ;— and this hypothesis will be found to hold good throughout the whole compass of language, whether compound or simple. Thus we find the simple elements, K and KL more or less modified, present the fitting terms for the idea of “locking up,” security, “enclosure.” Thus we have the Roman *cla-vis*, a key ; the Greek *kleis* ; the Persian *cileed*, a bolt, key ; *cileedan*, to lock up ; and Sanscrit *cili*, a key. Hence also, from the Greek branch of this vocable we have *kleistron* a shutter ; the Latin *claustrum*, and English *cloister*. It is found in the English *claw*, that part of a bird which seizes by *closing* ; it is the *clau-do* of the Latins ; — *clausus*, and the English *clause*, that portion of words which is included by punctuation. From the French also by analogy we have *clef*, key, (or as an Englishman would call it,) *cliff* ; as *unlocking* that consecutive series of sound, which constitutes harmony. It is found again in Irish, as *clas*, a lock. But our space will not allow us to enlarge further on this portion of our subject ; we shall therefore proceed to notice a race of words whose great extent seem to have been overlooked ; viz. those which are denominated by way of excellence ; and as the workings of the human mind are alike everywhere, this species of nomenclature is very general. Some few have indeed been remarked ; but their great extent does not appear to have attracted attention ; of such

nature are the words, “organon,” an instrument; by way of excellence, *the instrument*, the organ; “biblos,” a book, *the book*, *the Bible*. So the Arabs use cooran “reading;” al-cooran, “the reading;” their Bible. Again, al-mushuf “the book,” i. e. the Cooran; matematikos relating to learning, *the learning*, mathematics; so the Arabs call it “*ghair ul ilm*,” the utmost knowledge. “Medina” signifies “a city,” the *sacred city*, “*Medina*.” This D’Herbelot has noticed in his “Bibliothèque Orientale;” he observes, “this word generally signifies ‘a city,’ but in particular, it is that of Jatrib in Arabia. It was called “city,” by way of eminence, because Mahomet there established the seat of the Mussulman empire. So in our own language, we have many instances thus, the *verb*, “the *word*,” as being the most important description of word. Vessel; any thing used for containing; but by excellence, a ship, *the vessel*: to execute, to follow up, to finish;—the notorious termination of human life—execution. This structure is as common in the East as with us. Thus in India, Ganga, is a river, *the river Ganges*. So in Coptic, Nihul, a vast torrent, river, the *Nile*; so in England, Avon, a river, the river, the *Avon*; again, in Spanish, “Guad-al-quiver,” is the Arab; “wad-il-qubeer,”* “the great channel.” As in England we find the Avon, so in Wales we have the Usk, which signifies water.

It should be observed here, that this term is not of Welsh extraction, but is a relique of the Irish, who left many traces behind them, as the names of rivers and

* واد الكمبر

mountains, which cannot be found in the Welsh. Usk then, signifies *water*; the *river*, by way of eminence, the Usk. It is the Irish whiskey (*uisce*), and is the Chaldean “*hiska*,” to drink. As the Irish has its drink (whiskey,) so has the English its *beer*, (the Italian *bere*) to drink; again, the Arab also has “*sharba*” drink, by way of excellence, from “*sharaba*,” he drank;” which brings us to the English shrub and syrup, (as also the Latin *sorb-eo*. Again, *sahra*, is a desert, the *great* desert *sahara* in Africa; so the French bourse, a purse; the grand purse, the public exchange.

We shall now proceed to notice the analogy of language in its compound formation; and here it is amusing to observe how man, distant though he may be from his fellow of another nation, expresses his ideas by the same analogic construction. Thus in the English we have despairing, and in the Italian *desperare* “I despair;” from the Latin *de-spero*, (I from-hope,) so the Greek *an-elpizo*, (I not-hope); so the Persian *umed*, hope; *na-umed*, (not-hope); *de-spairing*, or hope-less. Again, to-break-fast, French *de-jeuner*, which is from the Latin *jejunos*, and the Arab “*joun*,” fasting. So exactly the Persian “*roozah kushoodun*,” from *rozuh* a fast, and *kushoodan*, “to open;” *de-jeuner* to un-fast or break-fast. Again, we have midnight, i. e. middle or half-night; the Italian and French *me.lia nocte*; *mi-nuit*; (contracted from *demimuit*, on the same principle that we have “drawing-room, for *with*-drawing room;” and fender for *defender*.) So in the Persian *neem-shub*, (half-night, or midnight.) But between no languages perhaps, is this compound

analogy so striking as between the Greek and Persian ; as, Gr. oktagone ; Persian, husht-goshuh, eight-cornered ; Greek, tele-scopos ; Persian, door-been, (far-seeing) ;* and many others which might be noticed. The English too is extremely close, both in the order of its compound structure, and in its grammatical arrangement. Like the English, the Persian has only one declension and one conjugation, and all words are of the neuter gender, which express things without life. “ Ter” is used for the comparative degree, as *er*, is in the English, and *ter-os* in the Greek, as “ *nék*,” good, “ *nektar*,” better. But the English has lost its regular positive corresponding to “ *better* ;” it is found again in the Hindoo, “ *bet*,” good ; hence *better* and *bestest* contracted into *best*—*nék*, is also good, “ *nektar*” better ; hence the “ *nektar*” of the Greeks, the *better drink* of the Gods ; “ *tereen*,” is the superlative ; which we find in the English, *nectarine*, the *best fruit* of the plum species. Descriptive adjectives are formed, as in English, from their corresponding substantive by the addition of *y* ; as *zif*, pitch, *ziffy*, *pitchy*. In its verbal structure it is singularly allied to the Latin and English “ *Am*,” is the English “ *am*.” It resembles the Latin as it respects the termination of its verb, “ *shad am*,” I am glad ; “ *shadee*,” thou art ; “ *shadust*,” he is ; *shadecm*, we are ; “ *shadced*,” ye are ; “ *shadand*,” they are glad. This must remind every one of the *amamus*, *amatis*, *amant*, of the Latin. The plural also of nouns resembles the old English in *en* ; as “ *briader*,” a brother ; *briaderan*, *bretheren* ; “ *gaw*,” a cow ; “ *gawan*,” cows ; so we have still remaining *children*, *chicken*, *brethren*. The

* A telescope, or, perspective.

loss of this ancient plural is greatly to be regretted, as it has in a great measure destroyed the harmony of expression in our language, and foreigners continually complain of the hissing sound which pervades it; owing to the frequent recurrence of the modern plural of nouns, and the third person singular of verbs. But it is not by grammatical arrangement alone that we are closely allied to the Persic; but also as before observed, by the compound structure of words. So that ours, literally translated into that language, would very generally be pure Persic; for instance, sheer, is milk; “sher gurm,” *milk-warm*; “khanah,” a house; *garm-khanah* a *hot-house*; pa, a foot; sud pa, a *centi-pede*; nek, is good, *nek-nam*, *good name*; *bud-nam*, *bad name*. We shall now proceed to notice the singular analogy of simple sounds between the English and Persic; and what an influence the latter has had upon our own language, will be readily seen by the following examples, “jarrah is a jar;” abad, an abode; “poofidan,” to puff; they also use mama and papa in the same manner as the English; peri, a fairy; shakal, a shackle; arm, an arm; “cuff,” the palm of the hand. Hence, we see what is meant by *cuffing* a person, “striking him with the palm of the hand.” “Bar,” an impediment, a bar; “boordun,” a burden; “bad,” bad; “girdeedan,” to gird; bund, band; dur, a door; “gou.” a cow; cup, a cup; “soon,” insensible, a *swoon*, sifr, a cipher; “pinchar,” pinching.

To Persia also, are our British fair indebted for that elegant appendage of dress the shawl; it is the Persian shal; to the same country also are the luxurious obliged

for the sofa, it is a Persic term. The influence too of this dialect on the Latin, and thence on the English is as distinctly visible. In the Persia gooloo, Latin gulum, English gullet; Persian jins, Latin and, English genius; Persian neru, Latin nervus, English nerve; Arabia farak, Latin furcus, English fork; Persian lab, Latin labium, English lip; Persian kutr, Latin gutta, French goute, a drop, Persian nam, Latin nomen, English name; Persian marge, Latin margo, English margin; Persian ankar, Greek and Latin anchora, and English anchor; Persian juvan, Latin juvenis, English juvenile; Persian mard, Latin mors, English mortal; Persian cotah, Latin curtus, English curtail; (from court short, and tagliare to cut); to cut short or curtail. Its influence too, by the Latin medium is found in the French; as Arabic kabil, Latin habilis, French habil; Persian sifleedan, French siffler, to whistle, and a vast number of terms which our space will not allow us to notice. Yet, however, many words that appear at first sight simple, are in reality, compound; as for instance, "father," the German "vater," the Latin and Greek "pa-ter," the Persian and Sansc. "pader," is a compound of pa-terra, father-earth; for d'herra is earth in the Sansc. On the same principle, after passing through European dialects is formed ma-ter, mother-earth; Tamerlane is a compound of timur and lung; Timur the lame; cupalo is the Persian compounded of cup, a cup, and bala, above, i. e. cup-shaped, above. We shall now proceed to notice the analogy of names. We find in the Irish and Scotch Mac Dermot, Mac Lean, O'Connor, O'Connel, i. e. the son of Connor, the

son of Connel, and is of the same tribe as the hui-os, of the Greeks; but *Mac* is applied to individuals of the degree of *gentlemen*, and *O'*, to those descended from the nobility; so the Spanish *Don*, (a corruption of the Latin *dominus*) is applied to the nobility of Spain, as “*Mir-za*,” lord-son amongst the Persians, so the English *Lord Nelson*, *Lord Howe*, *Lord Russell*. But to return; as the Irish have *Mac Dermot* and *O’Connel*, so we have *Jack-son*, *Dick-son*, *Wil-son*, *Richard-son*. So in the East, the Arabic and Hebrew have, *ebn*, a son, as *ebn-Taleb*, *ebn-ezer*, *Ben-jamin*.

In names of countries and towns the analogy is not less close between the East and West;—thus, *Stan* is a “country,” region, “*Hindoostan*,” the “country of the Hind.” “*Kohi-stan*,” the hilly country. So have we, “*Poland*,” “*England*,” “*Holland*.” In the names of towns, as “*Rington*,” “*Wolverhampton*,” “*Castleton*,” so in the East, “*poor*,” is a “town;” thus “*ghazee-poor*,” hero-town; “*canh-poor*,” cupid “town.” In the names of *houses*, “*surac*,” is a house; —“*caravanserac*,” the house of the caravan; so “*black-house*,” “*white-house*.” But we would now draw to a conclusion, having already protracted this investigation beyond the original design; observing, that in all the instances before noticed, an universal and consentaneous principle;—a similarity in thinking, in construction, in expression, are for ever apparent. Thus, proving us the children of that one great family, so clearly pointed out in holy writ, and gradually leading us to an Eastern source, as the birth-place of the arts and embellishments of life.

APPENDIX.

Containing a system for the pronunciation of the Persian words occurring in this work; being with very few exceptions that of Dr. Gilchrist.

The following rules, have *no variations nor exceptions*.

CONSONANTS. The Q, sounded nearly as C, in "call,"—All the rest, as in English.

VOWELS. "A," invariably as in "fall," "ball," or the A of the Italians.

E, as that letter in "feign," "feint," or like the continental "E."

EE, as in "fleet."

I, as in "fill," "fin,"—or the French I.

O, as in "rose," "foes,"—OU, as in "bound," "found."

OO, as in cool.

U, as in "but," "nut," "lull,"—never as the U, in "rule," or that in "full,"—This should be carefully attended to.

Y, as in "fly," "spy."

The reader who may observe these few simple and invariable rules, will find no difficulty in pronouncing the Persian sentences which occur in this work, with tolerable propriety.



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